ATHENE

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF HELLENIC THOUGHT

The Lion Monument at Amphipolis

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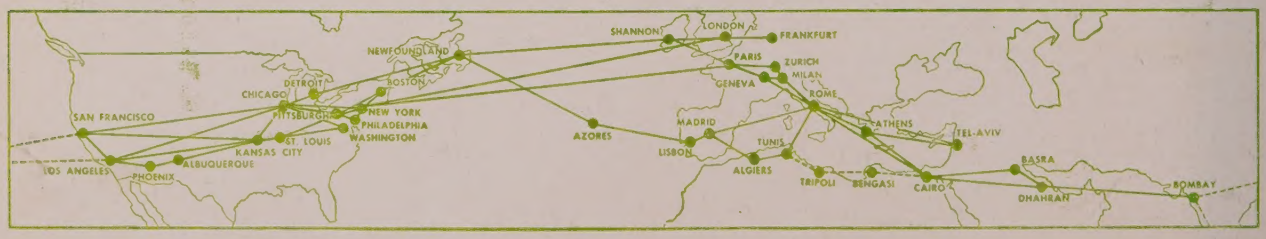

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A rare exotic photograph of the Parthenon

(Courtesy TWA)

ATHENE
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE of HELLENIC THOUGHT

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THE AMPHIPOLIS LION

By PROF. OSCAR BRONEER of the University of Chicago

Εἰπέ, λέων, φθιμένοιο τίνος τάφον ἀμφιβέβηκας
βουφάγε; τὶς τᾶς σᾶς ἄξιος ἦν ἀρετᾶς;
Οὐχὶ μάταν ἔστακα, φέρω δὲ τι σύμβολον ἀλκᾶς
ἀνέρος· ἦν γὰρ δὴ δυσμενέεσσι λέων.

Tell me, Lion, devourer of bulls,
whose tomb dost thou figure?
Who among men was accounted
worthy to share in thy prowess?

Not as a meaningless image I stand,
but an emblem of valor;
He who lies buried beneath me,
a lion he was to his foes.

Anthologia Palatina, VII, 426)

Among the ancient Greeks the lion was a common symbol of courage. As far back as the thirteenth century B. C. the lords of Mycenae used two lion figures as heraldic device above the main entrance to their walled-in stronghold; and the ancient Thebans proudly showed visitors a famous stone lion which Herakles himself had set up after his victory over the King of Orchomenos. In the sixth century B. C. Kroisos, the wealthy ruler of Sardis, sent a lion to Delphi as a bribe to secure the aid of Apollo against Persia. The figure was of pure gold and was set on a base composed of one hundred seventeen half-bricks, four of which were of solid gold, the others of electron, a natural alloy of gold and silver. Graciously the god accepted the sumptuous gift, then delivered an ambiguous oracle that caused the downfall of the donor.

After the battle of Thermopylai in 480 B. C. a stone lion was placed above the tomb of the Spartan hero Leonidas, whose name, "Son of Lion", and whose valor as a warrior made the symbolism doubly effective. This monument has never been discovered. One of the famous lions of antiquity stood at the Harbor of Peiraeus, which in the middle ages was called "Porto Leone" after the monument. In the year 1040 A. D. a detachment of Varangians, Scandinavian soldiers in the service of the Emperor at Constantinople, passed through Peiraeus and stopped long enough to carve an inscription in Runic script on the back of the lion. The monument remained standing in its position until 1687, when Morosini after his capture of the Acropolis removed the lion from its base and carried it to Venice.

Every traveler in Greece is familiar with the colossal Lion at Chaironeia, erected by the Thebans over the common tomb of their citizens who fell in the battle of 338 B. C., when Philip II of Mecedon defeated the United Greeks. After being demolished and buried for many centuries it was discovered and re-erected in 1902 in its original position. It stands facing the modern highway, enframed within a lovely grove of cypress trees that cast their shadows upon the ancient battle ground.

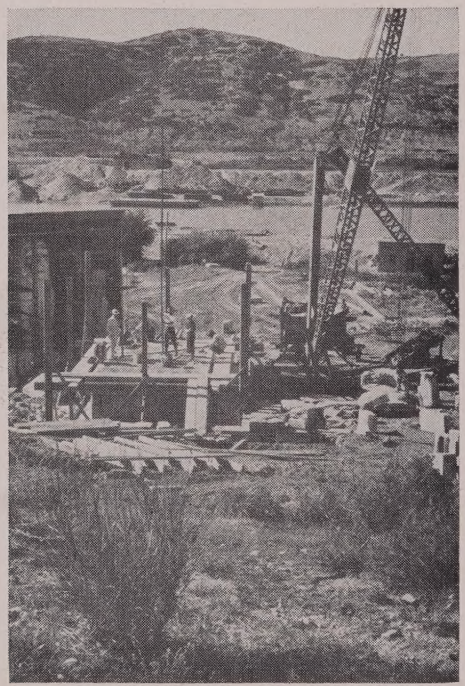
Another lion of no less impressive dimensions has more recently been reconstructed on the right bank of the river Strymon, opposite the site of ancient

THE SITE OF THE LION MONUMENT BEFORE EXCAVATIONS. In the picture are seen Ambassador and Mrs. MacVeagh, engineers of the Monks Uhlen Co., members of the French School in Athens and the author.

Amphipolis in Macedonia. This monument has an interesting history. The dismantled figure, buried and forgotten until modern times, was first discovered by soldiers of the Greek army in the Balkan War of 1912. We can imagine their astonishment as

they were digging in for protection, then suddenly caught sight of the immense face of the marble beast grinning at them from the bottom of the trench. The Archaelogical Service in Athens took due notice of the discovery, but only a part of the ruins could be laid bare at the time. During the first World War the area again became the scene of bitter fighting between Allied and Bulgarian troops and the ancient base was once more uncovered. Members of the British Expeditionary Force loaded the heavy blocks on cars and tried to take them on board a naval vessel anchored in the Orphanos Bay, but this attempt was foiled by intensified bombing from across the river. After the war some members of the French Archaeological School in Athens made a preliminary study of the ruins and published their findings in their Bulletin. They proposed to connect the monument with the famous Battle of 422 B. C., in which the Spartan general Brasidas and the Athenian commander Kleon both lost their lives.

The plan to reconstruct the lion was conceived by the then American Minister—later Ambassador—to Greece, the Honorable Lincoln MacVeagh, in consultation with American engineers of the Monks-Ulen Company, at that time engaged in extensive drainage operations in the Strymon river basin. Through the initiative of Mr. MacVeagh funds were collected for the purpose and the work of excavation and restoration was begun in 1936 and finished the following year. It became a cooperative undertaking, in which members of the American and French Schools in Athens, the Greek Archaeological Service, the American Ambasasdor, and the Monks-Ulen Company contributed their services and interests.*



RECONSTRUCTION OF THE MONUMENT. THE RIVER STRYMON AND THE HILL OF AMPHIPOLIS APPEAR IN THE BACKGROUND.

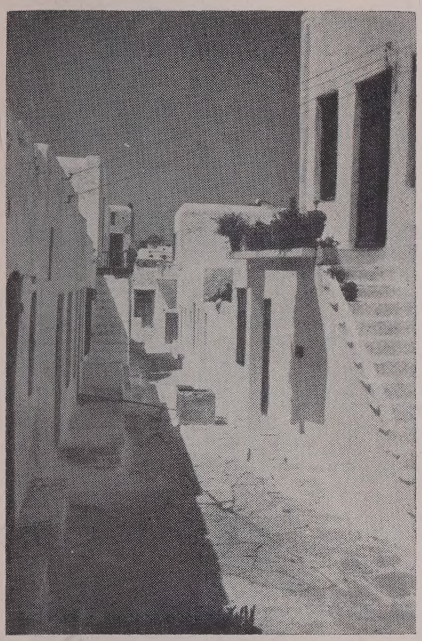
The lion figure, which measures over seventeen feet in height, exclusive of the base, was erected on the ancient site, but the base on which it now stands does not reproduce the original monument. This was a far more elaborate structure with engaged Doric half-columns, above which a pyramid of six marble steps provided support for the lion figure. Since very few pieces remain of the ancient structure, apart from the lion itself, it proved impractical to reconstruct the entire monument. But in order to convey an impression of the monumentality and proportions of the building a plaster cast has been prepared to a scale of one to forty.

In whose honor and for what occasion was this imposing shrine erected? On that point we can only rely on conjecture. No inscription was discovered giving the name of the hero, and no mention is made of the building in the extant writings of ancient authors. A study of the technical details has revealed that it was erected toward the end of the fourth century B. C., a full hundred years later than the battle of Amphipolis referred to above. It seems likely from the type of the monument that the man whom it honored had distinguished himself as a military figure, and it has been suggested that he was probably one of the lieutenants and successors of Alexander the Great. Among the Amphipolitans of his entourage was one Laomedon, a native of Mytilene, who came as a boy to Macedonia and later joined the band of youths famed as the "Companions" of Alexander. A prominent German scholar long ago conjectured that Laomedon, who probably died in the east, was buried in the so-called "Alexander Sarcophagus" now in the Museum in Instanbul. The relief on the front of the coffin shows the world conqueror engaged in a lion hunt in which Laomedon is also said to have participated. Since the sarcophagus was discovered at Sidon in Lebanon, the monument at Amphipolis would have been a cenotaph, if the above conjecture about its identification is correct.

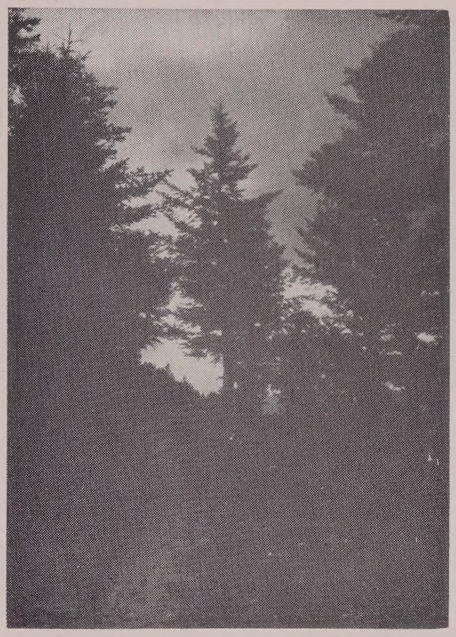
We shall probably never know for certain what event was commemorated by the colossal lion, but the prominent location overlooking the bridge that spanned the river at this point and the poignant symbolism of courage and strength embodied in the figure makes this the most significant monument of the Macedonian era of grandeur preserved in that part of Greece. The valley of the Strymon has been the scene of some bitter fighting both in ancient and modern times. The concrete bridge, constructed in 1937 at the point opposite the lion, was blown up by the invaders during World War II but has since been restored, and the traffic again flows between Thessalonike and Eastern Macedonia along the new road skirting the base of the monument. In the light of recent events the restored Lion of Amphipolis takes on a new significance as a symbol of the bravery and determination of the Greek people in this border region of Hellenism to resist the pressure from the north and to remain true to the cultural traditions of their past.

(*) The excavations were directed by the author of this article, who published a monograph on the results: **The Lion Monument at Amphipolis,** Harvard University Press, 1941.

Spots the Tourist Should Not Miss in Greece



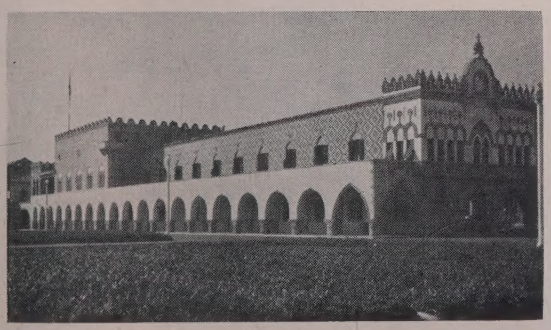
STREET IN MYKONOS, ONE OF THE AEGEAN ISLANDS



WINTER SUNSET IN VITINA GREECE

THE GHOST'S HOUSE—STRATONIKI, GREECE

UNCLE NICK—ZANTE GREECE



THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING—ISLAND OF RHODES

THE MEDIEVAL CASTLE—ISLAND OF RHODES

THE GORGON'S TEMPLE IN CORFU

SCHLIEMANN vs. DORPFELD

By CORNELIA STEKETEE HULST

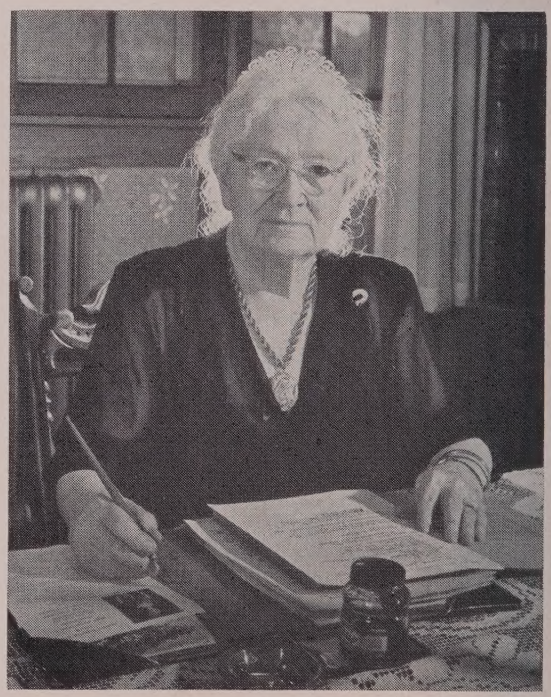
Author of PERSEUS AND THE GORGON
and HOMER AND THE PROPHETS

EDITOR'S NOTE: The date of 1500 B. C. is one of the great landmarks in World History, for in that period the first of the bitter battles between the East and West was fought—to be refought again and again by the Greeks and Persians at Marathon and the campaigns of Alexander the Great, by the valiant Byzantines against Persian, Moslem, and Russian hordes, over a period of a dozen centuries, the Crusades, and in our current not-so-cold "cold war". For in the period of 1500 B. C. were fought the great campaigns of Thothmose III of Egypt, aided by Perseus and his Greeks, to oust the Asiatics from the attempt to dominate the Mediterranean area and Europe, when it should come to be developed. Because of Perseus, the Asiatics were beaten back. This service that Perseus rendered was so highly appreciated that the Greeks accounted him a son of Zeus, and a thousand years later, as Herodotus tells, the Egyptians were still celebrating their national games, comparable to the Pythians and the Olympian games in Greece, in honor of Perseus. It was in 1500 B. C. that the high ideals of the Greeks began to prevail and Western civilization was begotten.—(C. J. LAMPOS)

It was the great Schliemann who fixed the date of Tiryns and Mycenae at 1500 B. C., and who arrived at the conclusions: (1) That Perseus had not been a mere myth, but a man, and (2) that he lived about 1500 B. C. If Schliemann had lived until 1911, he would have seen these opinions confirmed when the sculptured Gorgon and the temple in which she had been worshipped in Corfu were excavated. When we examine this strange, orgiastic Gorgon, we come to realize that she was the Mother Goddess whom the Asiatics worshipped in her Groves with sensual rites, while The Baal, her consort, the Father, God of the Waters, was offered the sacrifice of children on the summit of the hills.

The myth of Perseus tells that when Perseus "killed" the Gorgon she had been dwelling **in a temple,** that the temple was **on an island,** that the island was **in the West,** and that she was accompanied then by **her two children,** named **Pagasus, The Winged Horse,** and **Chrysaor of the Golden Sword.**

All of these points can now be verified in Corfu, for the Island of Corfu lies **in the West,** the extreme West in that early day); it had **a temple** in which his Gorgon may be said to have **dwelt,** and there the sculptured forms of her **two children** are seen beside her, the very two who are mentioned in Perseus' myth, these being **Pegasus, The Winged Horse,** and **Chrysaor of the Golden Sword,** the young Sungod, whose hand here held a golden sword to typify The Sunbeams. His hand is raised and doubtless need a golden sword. Besides these, the Serpent, God of the Waters, is seen coiled about the Gorgon, for he was her consort and the father of her children. In Egypt, he had been called Set and was symbolized by the Serpent. Like the Gorgon in the myth of Perseus, this Gorgon **has snakes for hair,** and here little hissing snakes serve as curls to crown her forehead! Finally, Perseus **severed the head** of his Gorgon, and the head of this Gorgon was found **severed** from her body — it had doubtless broken off from her statue when the pediment of her temple fell. Naturally, those who made the myth would ascribe the severing of the head to Perseus' skill with the sword that he wielded, that magic **Sword of Sharpness** which his patron Goddess, Athena, had given him, along with the other magic armor that the nymphs had prepared, the magic slippers, the magic cloak, the magic helmet, and the magic mirror by which he could cut off the head of the Gorgon without looking directly at her, for to do that would have turned him to stone!



CORNELIA STEKETEE HULST, THE DISTINGUISHED HELLENIST, IS STILL ACTIVE AT 85

All of this magic armor is symbolical of the way Perseus actually won his astonishing victory over the powerful Hyksos Kings who had built what seemed an impregnable retreat on this distant Mediterranean island, and this temple for the worship of their Asiatic gods. His Helmet of Invisibility and his Cloak would enable him to approach unseen, in the night, to make the surprise attack in which

he could overcome the palace guard with entire success. These things explain the name that Perseus was given in appreciation throughout history, for **Perseus** is from the root "Pertho", which means **I kill, I slay, I destroy, I sack, I raze, I lay waste,** all of which acts were evidently done in Corfu to the statue of the Gorgon and to her temple — and also to the palace of he Kings who had built it, which has not yet been located and excavated.

It was only by accident that after it had been buried for 34 centuries, this Gorgon and her temple were discovered by a workman who was spading the garden of the Convent in Corfu. He turned up

THE FAMOUS STATUE OF THE GORGON FOUND ON THE PEDIMENT OF HER TEMPLE, IN CORFU

one of its stones carved with a lionhead! Emperor William II, who was then on the Island, recognized its importance and telegraphed to Professor Dorpfeld, who undertook the excavating and then reconstructed it as it must have been before it was **destroyed, sacked, razed, laid waste** and **buried.**

A comparison of the carved linear and geometrical designs on the pediment of this temple of the Gorgon with the carved linear and geometrical designs which Schliemann had unearthed in Tiryns and Mycenae on the peculiar "isolated fragments" that had been placed in very prominent places, proves that they belonged to the same order of art, and to the same prehistoric period.

Schliemann had decided that the "isolated fragments" which he had found in Tiryns and Mycenae must have been very highly honored there as historical monuments to commemorate a very great victory and the very great hero who had won it, but what victory and what hero he did not discover, though he knew that tradition had preserved the fact that Perseus had ruled as King in Tiryns and had built Mycenae after he had "killed" the Gorgon in her temple on the island. Evidently Schliemann was too cautious to go farther than to identify Perseus as **the King of Tiryns** and **the builder of Mycenae, about 1500 B. C.**

Schliemann studied the art of the "isolated fragments" in Tiryns and Mycenae carefully, and of this he wrote:

> "Such figures and ornamentation have never yet been found in Greek sculptures. Nowhere do we see in the sculptures in Mycenae the ornamentation of plants which is characteristic of Greek representations. The whole style is rather a linear ornament, with powerful forms in relief, and hence we obtain a guide to that epoch in Greek art which preceded the Graecho-Phoenician, that is, the time when its course was determined by oriental influence, distinguished by having leaves and other parts of plants carved in the designs."

This later Graecho-Phoenician art had been assigned to 800 B. C. The art of the "isolated fragments", with no leaves or other parts of plants in their designs, did not, therefore, date from the Graecho-Phoenician period, 800 B. C. but earlier.

Concluding his argument on the art of the "isolated fragments" in Mycenae, "these historical monuments' in Tiryns and Mycenae, Schliemann wrote what evidently applies also to the sculptured ornamentation now found on the temple of the Gorgon in Corfu, as is seen in the accompanying illustration, for there are no leaves or other parts of plants in their designs, but only lines carved in relief:

> 'It cannot be an unfounded assumption if we claim for these monuments the middle of the second millenium B. C., and if we insert them for the future as an important link into the history of art".

The excavation of Tel Halaf, at the head waters of the Khabur and the Euphrates, has more recently brought to light this same linear or geometric ornamentation, carved in relief and without leaves or other parts of plants in its design, so Schliemann is

THE ACROPOLIS GORGON

seen to have been correct in his idea that his art in Tiryns and Mycenae, and now also that in Corfu, was of Asiatic origin. The destruction of Tel Halaf is estimated to have occurred in 1900 B. C., so this art of the Gorgon's temple and that of the "isolated fragments" in Tiryns and Mycenae may well have had its source in that of the Asiatics who had been conquered in Asia, later in Egypt, and now in the Mediterranean area. This variety of Asiatic art now testifies as to the wanderings of "the Asiatics."

When Perseus began to build his city, Mycenae, he would naturally employ the artists who had work-

HEADLESS STATUE OF ATHENE WITH GORGON HEAD ON BREASTPLATE

ed for the King of Corfu, whom he had conquered, and this accounts for the excellence of the artistic products of Mycenae in the following period, when Mycenaean art vied with that of Crete. Also, it is now evident that in the following periods the Greeks adopted for their own temples the beautiful design of the Gorgon's temple in Corfu, with fluted columns, "Doric" capitals, and an entableture filled with sculptured figures of gods. That was done, probably, because of its beauty but also because, like the severed head of the Gorgon, it served as a vaunt of Perseus' glorious victory, and at the same time as a threat to warn any of the Asiatics who might be thinking of attacking the Greeks, for Athena would be their counsellor and helper as she had counselled and helped Perseus against the Gorgon and the Asiatics in his day.

THIS REMARKABLE GOLD MASK FOUND IN THE ROYAL TOMBS AT MYCENAE MAY BE A MASK OF PERSEUS HIMSELF

Dorpfeld excavated many sites in the Mediterranean area, and these he attributed to the Hyksos, because of their uniformly superior art. In **"Die Altgriechische Kunst"** he wrote:

> "The Hyksos were not shepherds without art, but a race with high Oriental culture and art",

and he advanced the theory that it had been the Hyksos, both before and after their expulsion from Egypt, who had introduced a superior culture, evident in the fine arts, into such Mediterranean centers as Tiryns, Mycenae, Corfu and Attica, both before and after the Greeks had prevailed there.

The Acropolis of Athens had been occupied early by the Asiatics under their King, Erechtheus, who built the Erechtheum, an imposing temple-palace which still stands there. It served the double purpose of a temple and a palace, as did the temple-palace that has been excavated recently in Tel Halaf,

QUEEN HATSHEPSET OF EGYPT, PRECEDED THOTHMOSE AND PERSEUS, AND FAVORED THE ASIATICS

and, like the temple in Corfu, it had the Asiatic Mother Goddess, the "Gorgon", as its patron-goddess. It is clear that the Greeks of Attica finally united against the Asiatics and their Gorgon on the Acropolis, and that they emulated Perseus in beheading her and sending her down to Hades by burying her — her severed head has been excavated. A statue of Athena was then installed in the Erechtehum where the Gorgon's statue had stood, with the Gorgon's head on her breast! That statue, also, has been recovered by excavation, but without its head, for when the Persians sacked Athens they doubtless carried this Athena's head with them, for it was their custom to carry away the gods of their enemy.

When the Asiatic Mother Goddess, "the Gorgon", was worshipped in the Erechtheum, the Father-God of the Asiatics, also, was worshipped there in the natural cave which adjoined the Erechtheum, and there a huge living python was given honor as his symbolical animal. When the Greeks took over the rule of the city and abjured the worship of the

Gorgon, they adopted this consort of the Gorgon among their own divinities, and named him **Poseidon, the god of the watery element.** They reconciled him to Athena and they continued to keep his symbolical serpent in his cave until they adopted Christianity. When the Parthenon was built, Poseidon was represented in its pediment in the act of being reconciled to Athena. The early ancestors of the Greeks had known rivers, but not the sea, and now, when their country bordered on the sea, they felt the need of a God of the Sea, for they saw God in all of creation. Here they decided that the sea was to be ranked as a brother of Zeus and their great gods on Olympus.

It was Theseus who organized the Panathenaic Procession for **all of the people of Attica,** for the Asiatic element of the people as well as for the Greek element, and this Procession united the worship of the Asiatic gods of Erechtheus with the worship of their own Greek Athena, who was now the Patron Deity of the city.

This Panathenaic Procession started at the Erechtheum, where the statue of Athena now stood with the Gorgon's head on her breast. There religious services were held and, doubtless, also at the adjoining cave of Poseidon. It was the purpose of the Procession to unite the worship of these two gods, and from the Acropolis the Procession now passed down to the Sea, fourteen miles, to Eleusis. There for a week there was feasting, and games were played, and in the Sacred Chamber of the Temple in Eleusis **Demeter** was worshipped as the **Earth-Mother,** along with her daughter, Persephone, the giver of the grain and her son, Dionysus, the giver of the Vine. This earth-mother was the opposite in character from the Earth-Mother that the Asiaics had worshipped with lascivious rites. In her Eleusenian mysteries, those who were initiated joined a mystic Brotherhood. This they symbolized by breaking bread together and by drinking wine together, as the gods on Olympus were believed to feast on nectar and ambrosia. The initiates were assured that they would join the immortals when they died, and the doctrine of Immortality was presented to them in dramatic form, where Psyche, the Soul, was shown purified of her earthly faults by the suffering with which Aphrodite afflicts her, and is helped by Eros, Cupid, who is Heavenly Love though he is the son of Aphrodite. Finally, the Soul, purified and worthy of Immortality, emerges from the chrysalis of her body, is given butterfly wings, and becomes an immortal among the immortals.

The ceremony of initiation into the mysteries of Eleusis was most impressive and inspiring, as Cicero testified when he said that in Eleusis men learned how to live and how to die.

In the Eleusenian mysteries there were no rites and ceremonies such as had been offered to the Earth-Mother in her Asiatic form of the Gorgon; there were no orgies in her Groves, and there was no sacrifice of children such as had been offered to her consort, the Baal, the Lord, though these were continued for centuries in places where the Asiatics continued to hold power, in Phoenicia, Moab, Palestine, Carthage, and the lands of the Dalmatian Coast. In Tuscany, such human sacrifices were still offered in Roman times, and it was the pagan Romans who ended them there and along the Dalmatian Coast.

It was the greatest achievement of Perseus in Corfu and Libya and of Theseus in Athens that they "killed" their Gorgons and sent them down to Hades by burying them in silence, and that they developed, instead, the myth of Demeter, so purified of grossness that the ceremony of breaking bread and drinking wine together as mystic Brothers could fitly be taken over by the Christian, but with the added meaning that the Bread symbolized the Body broken and the Wine symbolized the Blood spilled.

In the Eleusinian mysteries, high reverence must have been paid to Perseus, for when the Sacred Chamber of Demeter's temple was excavated an antefix tile was found there, on the floor, where Christian iconoclasts had thrown it. It was classed by the archaeologists as another of the "isolated fragmens", such as had been found in Tiryns and Mycenae and had been inerpreted as historical monument that had honored a great hero and a great victory. Those fragments had all corresponded in their art and workmanship, and are now seen to correspond also with the art of the temple of the Gorgon in Corfu. It will be remembered that Schliemann had concluded that the "isolated fragments" in Tiryns and Mycenae must have belonged "originally to the same building", a conclusion now seen to be correct, the "same building" having been the temple of the Gorgon which Perseus had destroyed, sacked, razed, and buried in Corfu. This tile which was discovered in Demeter's Sacred Chamber in Eleusis corresponds perfectly with the one that Schliemann had excavated in Tiryns, and these two tiles must have been used originally at the ends of the roof of the temple in Corfu.

Like the "isolated fragments" found in Tiryns and Mycenae, this tile excavated in Eleusis could never have had intrinsic value, but it must have had very great religious and historical value because of its connection with the Gorgon's Temple in Corfu and because of its understood connection with Perseus, who was believed to be the son of Zeus himself, and whom Athena had counselled and aided. To the Greeks, this fragment of tile, from the place where Perseus had "killed" the "Terrible One" would have just such religious value as the relics of the saints, the apostles, the Virgin, and Christ Himself would have in Christian churches, for the Greeks believe that their Perseus, who had saved them from the Gorgon, was the physical son of Zeus, born of a virgin, and heaven-descended, while the Gorgon and the Libyan Monster that he "killed" were as like devils as any evil that the Greeks conceived. They could not forget that it has been Perseus who ended the evils of the old dispensation and introduced the new dispensation under which they lived. The more because it was a fragment, this tile in Eleusis would be treasured and honored as a relic and it would edify those who were privileged to see it with the thought that Perseus had joined the immortals in the heavens where they would finally join him.

Shining over their country, which he had loved so well, Perseus' constellations might be seen. There

(Continued on Page 45)

ANTONIOS SOHOS *Sculptor*

By MAVRETA JOAKIMIDES
(Athene Correspondent in Greece)

ANTONIOS SOHOS

The tact that Antonios Sohos was born on the island of Tenos, is enough to make him a sculptor. The marble-abounding island is famous for its many artists. Likewise Sohos' own grandfather was a sculptor of sorts, but with Antonios the art claims and rightly so one of its most distinguished devotees in contemporary Greece.

Sohos, who was born in 1888, studied first in Athens and later on in France, where he stayed for five years, up to 1922. This was a period of great excitement in art, and as it was expected its currents andcrosscurrents could not leave unaffected a man of Sohos' individuality. He exhibited everywhere and the SALON D'AUTOMNE declared him a fellow in 1921.

Antonios Sohos—STUDY FOR THE KARAISKAKIS MONUMENT

Antonios Sohos—THE DANCE

Returning to Greece he was chosen to teach at the Metsovian Polytechnic, one of the best in the Near East.

His sculptured works are to be seen all over Greece, in Yugoslavia and in Bulgaria. He did some monuments and a number of statues commemorating modern national revolutionary Greek figures. His study of the Greek national hero Karaiskakis printed here, is noted for its dynamic abandon. And naturally his many other works, particularly of women, show a tenderness and grace quite rare nowadays.

Antonios Sohos is not a newcomer to Athene readers. We have printed illustrations from his works on at least two other occasions. As an artist and a teacher his fame has crossed the boundaries of Greece.

CONSTANTINE PANGALOS

Athenian Artist

CONSTANTINE PANGALOS

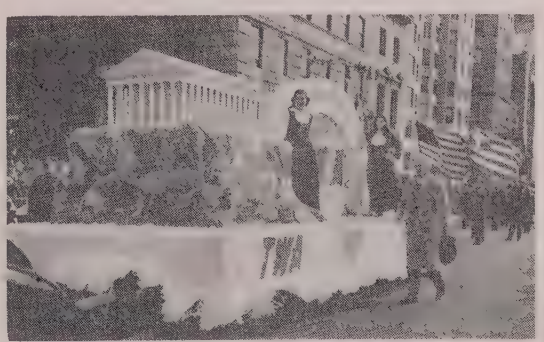
Constantine Pangalos is an Athenian artist who has had shows all over Europe, principally in France. His unique style has been praised considerably.

At present Constantine Pangalos is head of the Fine Arts Department in the Ministry of Education in Athens. He acted as chief of Art Exhibits in the same ministry from 1939 to 1946. Pangalos studied in Athens and abroad. He participated in exhibitions at Paris Salon D'Automne, Salon Des Independants, Nouveau Salon and Paris Moderne, in the International Exhibit at Venice; the Panhellenic at Salonica ;the Hellenic Exhibitions at Vienna; Salonica and the International at Cairo, Egypt.

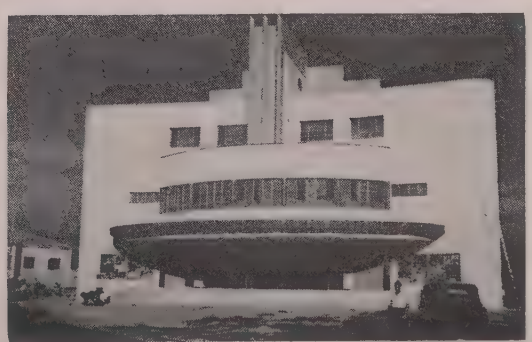
Constantine Pangalos—AT THE RIVER

RELIEF OF ST. GEORGE

This was carved by sculptor Sohos' grandfather, Lazaros Sohos



T.W.A. FLOAT ON GREEK INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATION
New York



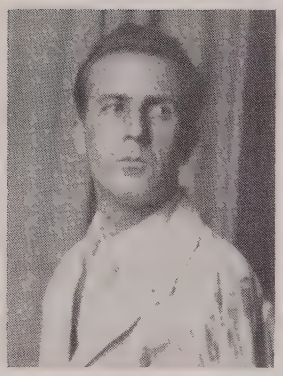
MODERN THEATRE AT LIMASSOL
ON THE GREEK ISLAND OF CYPRUS

THE MACEDONIAN ARTIST

GEORGE PARALIS

By PROF. RANDOLPH HILL

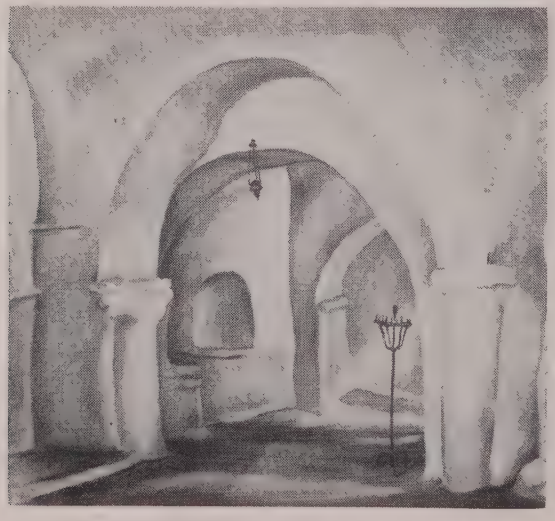
Research Associate in Byzantine Culture Fellows of Anatolia College, Thessaloniki



GEORGE PARALIS

Georgos Paralis is one of the foremost modern Greek artists. He was born in Polygyros, on the peninsula of Chalkidiki, of parents who originated in the towns of Athytos and Olynthos. He lived, during his early life, amid the ancient culture of Chalkidiki and its dramatic landscape: for Polygyros was one of the most breathtaking approaches in the whole region. His early interests in art were stimulated by archeologists and artists who found in northern Greece their focus of thought. From such enthusiasms and memories came his realism. While still an adolescent he studied in the School of Fine Arts in Athens under Professor Umberto Argiros. He first exhibited at the school in 1933, and soon began free-lance work from which he has advanced until he is now a member of the National Chamber of Artists. Since 1937 he has been instructor in the arts at the American College in Thessaloniki.

Recent years have seen his activities multiplied in artistic circles and civic life. During the difficult days of the Nazi occupation he served in the International Red Cross with the Macedonian division, caring for prisoners of war and disabled soldiers. In the last Greek national exhibition in Athens, in 1948, he received high commendation and awards. In a 1949 one-man exhibit in Thessaloniki, a large following of friends and intimates devoted special studies and radio broadcasts to his works. His studio is established in Charilaos, a suburb of Thessaloniki, where he and his charming wife entertain many friends.



Geo. Paralis: MYCENAE CHAPEL INTERIOR

The work of Paralis has realism and mature freedom. These stem from many sources, but mostly from his penetrations into the illusions of life. That he sees the whole of life and yet sees it as units of minutiae even to its intransigent impacts is to his credit. He knows the thing-in-itself as it is. Such is the achievement of dynamic individuals after a life of close observation and a supreme effort at individuality. As many have discovered the interdependence of color and contour, and Van Gogh seized upon the extremes of brightness in light's refractions and rendered them as he saw them, so Paralis is a modern neo-realist. His unwavering symbolizing of realities that are semi-distinguishable in the object and yet comprehensible to his evocative image, mark him as a pleasant surprise and a delightful study. His seeing goes beyond the immediate experience of the object or portrait to the blends that characterize the imaginative thought. If

Geo. Paralis: LANDSCAPE

one is to be concise and draw a comparison, one thinks of the backgrounds of the renaissance portrait painters with their ambivalent ideologies defeating the actualities of the personalities that they sought to depict. Paralis uses no false note for background but selects the essentially interpretive series of factors that illustrate only the least possibiliy of misinterpretation. With his landscapes we have the same careful and discriminating unities. In his landscape of the olive trees and the sea we have the sense of these undivided realities. The trees unify the land and the sea in an experience that is known

to all who are acquainted with the Aegean. The trees grow as fully by the force of the sea and its winds as by the sparse nourishment of the soil. They are as twisted and gnarled by the counter-currents of the wind as succored and invigorated by the protecting rocks of the hillside. They are as near the completion of a thing as the sea is complete, and the similarities of sustenance are as obvious in one as in the other. It is such unities that charge Paralis's work with a new realism.

This understanding of the finer and truer comes from his freedoms. Where has he found, in a country which has known nothing but war

Geo. Paralis: MYCENAE CHAPEL

since his birth, such emancipation? Polygyros is one of the freest and loveliest of places in the region. It nestles among ancient mounds and sites that lend authenticity to tradition and is largely self-supporting with the products of its own toil. Families that have been there for centuries have not lost the strength of their interrelationships. They have that natural eclat that gives the child that is observant a certain versatility. It was only a few kilometers from here, at a village of Stagira, that Aristotle was born. And it was on nearby Thasos that Polygnotus, one of the greatest of all Greeks, was born. However, the genuine upthrust of Paralis's freedom lies in unusual assertiveness and thorough self-sufficiencies. He is the modern Greek at his best. No undue stress nor unwonted enthusiasms stalk through his imagination to distort his abstract thought and feeling. He is the stalwart artist standing alone in the public place and watching with equanimity as the invading army destroys his Sforza. Nothing can perturb his ease of thought and action. And however turbulent the inner drives, they are all harnessed by the eye and hand in full play of power upon the canvas. There is also, in his ultra-controls of the environment, that forethought that is a distinguishing mark of ability in any achievement. This never overpasses, outmodes, or disappropriates the ends he has in view.

Such freedom as he controls has origins that are phyllic and traditional but are nevertheless personal and inward. Somewhere along through the years there have been those repressions, inhibitions, and tangents of pressure that have driven him to accept the alternatives of a situation and to express the indomitable image created by any impasse. They are the facets of development that drive a creative artist who abjures a polymorphic status out from the deep ends of emotional intangibles: "intellections", as Emerson reminded the world of genius. Paralis has plenty of these intangibles. Some lie half sleeping. One sees them in his intense struggle for perfection of design, non-complicating simplicity in the final choice of image, search for actual colors, versatility of approach in portraiture, and his quiet and philosophical ways of achieving his ends.

The accompanying reproductions project these developments in his thinking. The still life of the eggs in the bowl and the milk pitcher raises complications that are demanding. There is a sense of light upon light that characterizes Paralis's work. Even light within light. He achieves in this an impressionistic and yet realistic choragic effect. The chromatic schema is natural and refined. The hand-woven backdrop adds that note of surrealism that makes one wonder if Paralis is not one of the most original of the modern Greeks. For whatever dissociation or dissolution has taken place in the setting of the eggs and pitcher against their background, there has been a painstakingly effective composition of a central harmony and unity that is found throughout his works. Does the background of this still life simulate fecundity?

In the olive trees the colors are accurate yet deep—the opposite of the splurging of Van Gogh, whose olive trees look more like painted fur?? stuck into the background as pretty filling. Paralis shows in his olive trees more psycho-reactive realism than Van Gogh. Who is to gainsay the actualities

Geo. Paralis: STILL LIFE

of color? Van Gogh may be too subjective. Paralis seems to be nearer the Mediterranean actualities plus the subjective harmony that he evokes from the mountainous sterilities from which the trees

(Continued on Page 49)

Poetry

IF THIS WERE ALL OF IT

If this were all love:
this empty end
like a party room
emptied of guests
(nothing human left but a glove
dropped in the hallway gloom,

this empty end where only the
ashtrays are full,
and the pests
swarm in through screenles windows
like fish into the hull
of a drowned ship,
if this were the end of the trip;

if this were all of it;
this empty end,
I would not mind—
whoever designed
the night
would lead me into
a clean, new wind
(in most ways
perfectly allright)

but there is more to it
than this:
than a breast to lie upon,
a mouth to kiss—
these wait
at the top of many staircase.
There is more to it than
one particular face,
more to it than Fate.

There is music to it
that stays, and this
is unendurable,
this tenacious syllable
of song
that scrapes against
the floor where the rug is rolled back,
and all night long

pesters until a scream tears up
from every fence
making further dance
highly improbable . . .

—CONSTANCE ELINORE HATSON

NEW YEAR REVERIES

Sullen and dreary
the weather—
Downcast
I walk about
at night in the dark.
Shadowy ghosts! . . .
Whither go you..
Aimlessly you stride,
wandering about;
your destination
you don't remember; . . .
You pass it!
Then for a moment
I wake from my day-dreaming . . .
"Have I passed the place of my repose?—
"Have I gone astray?—
"Where am I?—
—Oh! yes—the place of my destination
is the never-known.—
For aeons, milleniums
have I striven
to reach it.
For aeons, for milleniums
will I strive to find it— . . .
The inner self voices
—Oh! pass it.—
Shake your head,
abandon your thoughts,
Relieve your mind,
Ease your life with inertia,
Amnesia—
Useless!!!———

—CONSTANTINE ANTONES—Jan. 1, 1951

RETURNING

We shall journey far again,
Away from Pilgrim shores.
O'er vast and timeless ocean
To Homer's gracious land.
Where high upon famous hill
Stand Temples in the sun . . .
Symbolic of lofty heights
Which God's Peace can command,
With power of strength released
Into spirit of man!
Columns . . . like clustered flowers
Once reaching to the stars,
Beauteous still . . . though broken,
By tyranny of Mars!

Swiftly, gliding in our ship
Across the wide expanse,
We'll taste salt tears of our world
And kneel in silent prayer.
Then, . . . steadily, we'll approach
Mountainous glens, where monks
In humble hamlets dwell
And sea gulls through the air
In boundless welcome soar,
Guiding us, . . . to waiting shore.
Back to Delphi, Corinth and
Up to Mount Olympus high,
With awakened joy, . . . we'll roam
'Neath immobile Grecian sky!

—ELIZABETH PANESIS

MICHAEL MANTOUDES

MICHAEL MANTOUDES

Michael Mantoudes heads the section of Letters, the Theatre and the Movies in the Ministry of Education in Athens. More than that Michael Mantoudes is a poet, and herewith we print a selection (Original and Translation) from his forthcoming volume of poetry.

Born in 1889 Mr. Mantoudes has held many important offices in the Ministry of Education, and much of the progress which has characterized the educational system in Greece during the last two decades or so is due to his initiative and knowledge. Some years ago he organized the University of Salonica.

AFTER OUR LIKENESS

If of virtue you have chosen
The strenuous uphill path,—
The dreary road of sacrifice
That leads through wilds desolate
To far off lands darkly becalmed,
Keep your head, be hard, be proud,
But in your soul let there compassion be.
And as you climb on, and steep stones
Tear at your feet, and thorns
Penetrates the marrow of your bones;
And the numb dampness of hard winters
Keep on bruising your bleeding knees,
And if you find yourself adrift
Storm-tossed by furious blasts,
Don't be afraid: Brace yourself
And carry on!
And if perchance as you struggle along
You meet with those who bask on privilege,
The small men who cannot stand their betters;
And should they aim their darts of jealousy
To keep you down,—to stop you . . .
Do not waver! Keep on smiling . . .
Keep on climbing!
Soon, though panting and aching
With agony, and sweat and tears . . .
Soon you will reach the top.
And then when you are calm again
And you will notice a multitude
Sunk in the mire of their vices
Thumping on their breasts
Bent upon destroying you,
Do not be angry;
For if you can forget all,—
All they have tried to do to you,
And if now you can embrace them in kindness,
As you would embrace your own child,
Yea, even more so: As thy own self!
You would have observed the Law!
Your countenance will shine like the Sun.
And your smile will diffuse grace Divine.
For looking into the inward depths
Of your soul
You would have read the meaning of the Book:
Truly "AFTER OUR LIKENESS"
Thou art created.

MICHEAL MANTOUDES

ΜΙΧΑΗΛ ΜΑΝΤΟΥΔΗ

«ΚΑΤ' ΕΙΚΟΝΑ ΚΑΙ ΟΜΟΙΩΣΙΝ . . . »

Γιὰ τῆς ζωῆς τὸ πέρασμα ἂν ξεδιάλεξες
τῆς ἀρετῆς τὸ μονοπάτι τ' ἀνηφορικό
καὶ τῆς θυσίας τὸν τραχὺ τὸν δρόμο,
ποὺ μέσα ἀπὸ ρουμάνια ἀνήλιαστα κι' ἀπάτητα,
φέρνει σὲ μακρινὰ γαληνεμένα ξέφωτα!
Ξεκίνησε γι' αὐτὸν περήφανος, ἀλύγιστος,
ὀλόρθος
μὰ μὲ γεμάτη τὴν ψυχή σου καλωσύνη.

* * *

Κι' ἂν ὅσο ἀνεβαίνης, κοφτερὰ χαλίκια
σοῦ ξεσκίζουνε τὰ πόδια, κι' ἀγκάθια
σοῦ τρυποῦν καὶ σοῦ ματώνουνε τὰ γόνατα
κι' ὡς τὸ μεδοῦλι σὲ περνάει σύγκορμα
τῆς βαρυχειμωνιᾶς τ' ἀγιάζι,
καὶ παραδερνης μόνος κι' ἔρημος
στ' ἀνέμου καὶ τῆς μπόρας τὴ μανία
—Μὴ δειλιάσης. Μὲ μιὰ βαθειὰν ἀνάσα
τράβηξε μπροστά.

* * *

Κι' ἂν τιποτένιοι ἄνθρωποι, μὰ πούλαχε
στὰ χέρια νὰ κρατοῦνε κάποια δύναμη,
μ' ἐμπόδια ἀντισκόφτουνε τὸν δρόμο σου,
γιατὶ καλύτερό τους ν' ἀντεχτοῦν δὲν τὸ λογιάζουν
καὶ τοὺς ἀφροὺς τῆς λύσσας τους πετοῦν
στὸ πρόσωπο σου, γιὰ νὰ σὲ ταπεινώσουν
—Μὴ λυγίσης! Μ' ενα χλωμὸ χαμόγελο
νὰ συνεχίσης τὴν ἀνηφοριά.

* * *

Κάποτε πιὰ ἀγκομαχώντας ἀπ' τὸ κάματο,
τὴν ἀγωνία, τὸν ἱδρῶτα καὶ τὰ δάκρυα,
θὰ φτάσης στὴν κορφή. Σὰν σταθῆς,
καὶ ἀμέτρητα θωρήσης ἕνα πλῆθος νὰ χτυπιέται
κυριεμένο ἀπὸ τὰ πάθη του,
καὶ ν' ἀγωνίζεται νὰ σὲ γκρεμίση κάτω.
νὰ μὴν τὸ δῆς μ' ὀργή!

* * *

Κι' ἂν, λησμονῶντας ὅσα πέρασες,
μπορέσης ὅλα νὰ τὰ σβύσης,
καὶ νὰ τὸ ἀγκαλιάσης μὲ ἀγάπη
σὰν νάτανε τὸ ἴδιο σου παιδί,
κι' ἀκόμα πιότερο «ὡς σεαυτὸν»,
τὴν θεία ἐντολὴ ἔχεις τηρήσει.

* * *

Τοῦ ἥλιου φεγγοβόλημα θάχη τὸ πρόσωπο σου
καὶ τὸ χαμόγελο οὐράνια χάρη.
Κατάβαθα κοιτώντας τότε τὴν ψυχή σου,
τὸ νόημα τῆς Γραφῆς θὰ σ' ἀποκαλυφτῆ,
πῶς εἶσαι: «ΚΑΤ' ΕΙΚΟΝΑ ΚΑΙ ΟΜΟΙΩΣΙΝ» πλασμένος.

Αὔγουστος 1950

A LITTLE GREEK BOY

(Reproduced by kind permission of the Editor of "Christ's College Magazine.")

Around Ephesus there are some pleasant pieces of country not unlike the lanes and meadows of England. I felt the homely air as I was walking one day along one of these lanes, in a valley watered by a clear stream; and there I caught up with a little Greek boy, about twelve years old, who did not look very different from an English boy going to a country school. He was sauntering along so slowly that he might have been going to school at that instant, but he was not: he was quite at leisure, and quite ready to talk.

"Good day, my boy," I said.

"A good hour to you, sir."

"I suppose you live here. What is your name?"

He told me, and showed me his house in the distance. And we soon got talking about one thing and another. Then I asked him, as I always used to ask, "Do you find old things about here?"

"Oh yes, sir, lots of them; I have some ancient coins in my pocket."

He pulled out a little bundle, and produced some copper coins, mostly too much worn to be identified, some showing vaguely the head of a late Roman emperor and no inscription that could be read. As usual, they were of no value, and, as usual, the owner thought that the less you could read the more valuable they were. "See!" they would often say, "you can't make out a single letter!" I told him they were of no value to buy, and he was disappointed, but put them back in his pocket and cheered up, and we went on talking.

"Do you go to school?" I asked.

"Oh yes, there's the school," and he pointed to a building not far off. "We have a holiday to-day."

"What do you learn?" I asked.

"Oh, reading and writing, and mathematics, and history, and all sorts of things."

"Do you remember the rhyme?—

Φεγγερίκι μου λαμπρό,
φέγγε μου νὰ περπατῶ,
νὰ πηγαίνω στὸ σχολειό,
νὰ μαθαίνω γράμματα,
κεντήματα, ραψίματα,
τοῦ Θεοῦ τὰ πράμματα,
τοῦ Θεοῦ θελήματα.

"Little moon of mine, so bright,
Let me walk and show your light,
Show the way to school all right,
So that I may learn my letters,
Things of God to make me better,
Stichery, embroidery,
And the will of God for me."

"Oh yes, sir, but we don't go to school at night now."

"Well," I went on, "what history are you learning now?"

He said, "About the war."

This caught my attention, for the Boer War was then going on, and it seemed that this little school was well to the front, in a country where hardly a newspaper was allowed, and it was difficult to import a book. But it is true, I always found the people, from the highest to the lowest, keenly interested in current events, and well informed by means of talk. I was not surprised, therefore, but I thought I would go on; so I asked him, "What war is that?"

"Why, Agamemnon's war, to be sure."

"Agamemnon's war?"

"Yes, where he brought his fleet, and took Troy."

"But that's ancient history."

"Is it? I thought, it was going on now."

And naturally, we both looked up at the beautiful peak of Mount Ida, with snow upon it, which was so familiar a sight to the boy. No doubt he imagined, as he looked, the combats of Achilles and Hector, and those other tales so delightful to boys, all going on at the foot of that mountain. What was time to him? I myself read Bunyan's "Holy War" as the story of a real war, and did not trouble to ask the date of it.

I do not remember how our talk went on. This episode made such an impression on my mind that it has wiped out the rest; but I remember well how we parted. We had become very good friends by this time, and as we passed the boy's house he said, "Wait a minute," and rushed into the house and up the stairs, and soon he was back again, and said, holding out something to me, "Will you be pleased to accept a little remembrance?" He did not offer me one of the coins, which he had thought valuable, because he knew I did not want them; he chose out his own particular treasure, which he knew was of infinite value, a pebble he had found on the beach, with curious markings upon it. He was quite right. I do value that pebble, and I shall never forget the gracious manners of the little Greek boy.

—W. H. D. ROUSE

REAPPEARANCE

The pagan Christ has risen from the earth with spring.
Make room for him to pass
O'er the star-spangled grass.
Make room for him and sing
Songs of joy.
Bring him gold and myrrh and silk
And ring the wedding bells.
For he has conquered death
And now he stands, a radiant groom
By the side of the virgin Earth.

—E. STEPHANOU

WINTER

The great white silence
Has covered the world
Under a dome of ice.
Arrested at the apogee
Of a self-consuming revel
Life stood still in attitudes of frozen turbulence.
Cosmic Symmetrics
Contracting into infusorian filigrees
Expanding into cosmic symmetries;
The ever changing pageantry
Of universal fusion;
Of things seeking ever newer equilibriums;
Expresions, completions, regenerations;
Thoughts, yearnings, urges;
All—Hung like intricate arabesques,
Motionless in timeless space.

—E. STEPHANOU

Greek Historical Memoirs of the War of Independence and After

By A. A. PALLIS (Eminent Greek Author and Scholar)

Greek letters sustained a great loss by the death, four years ago, of that veteran of modern Greek historical research, Yannis Vlachoyannis.

Vlachoyannis, whose indefatigable labours were instrumental in bringing to light some of the most interesting historical monuments of the period of the Greek War of Independence, was rewarded in 1914 with his appointment as Director-General of the State Archives.

It is to Vlachoyannis that we owe the publication and editing of that historically inestimable work —the Memoirs of General Ioannis Makriyannis—which he rescued from oblivion and possible destruction. It was Vlachoyannis, too, who discovered and published the very interesting memoirs of another contemporary fighter of the War of Independence, the Macedonian Nicholas Kassamoulis.

Both these publications involved an immense amount of labour, as the writers were more or less illiterate and the manuscripts are extremely illegible and written with a total disregard of orthography. It was only Vlachoyannis's intense, one might say passionate, interest in the history of the period which enabled him to face and carry through such a formidable task.

Vlachoyannis was indefatigable in his search for old documents of historical value relating to the history of Greece in the 19th Century. His searches were specially directed to the Athens bakals (grocer's shops). It is a fact, known to all old Athenians, that till not so long ago, the various Government Departments from time to time used to sell their archives as waste paper to the grocers for wrapping purposes. It was not uncommon to find one's pound of currants or filberts wrapped up in some old Inland Revenue statement or even in a report from a provincial governor.

Vlachoyannis assured me that he had rescued not a few interesting old documents from this ignoble fate.

I had the privilege for many years of having Vlachoyannis as a neighbour—he lived with his two aged maiden sisters in a tumbledown old house in Odos Phokylidou, surrounded by collections of old documents and travel-books about Greece. He often used to visit me and would discuss with zest his latest researches and discoveries, at the same time pouring out a flood of invective against everybody and everything. For Vlachoyannis was not an easy man to get on with—in fact, he used to quarrel with almost everyone with whom he came into contact —his chiefs, his patrons, and his friends. But, I am glad to say, most of these were prepared to overlook his many eccentricities and continued to help him, for he was poor and could never have succeeded in publishing all his work had it not been for the support of people like the late Emmanuel Benakis and my father, and of various Institutes.

It was characteristic of the man that he identified himself completely with the spirit and passions of those romantic times in which his whole interest was centered and which are the object of his studies. He threw himself with undisguised partizanship into the quarrels of the various factions which had torn Greece during the latter half of the War of Independence.

Himself a native of Rumeli—his native town was Naupaktos (Lepanto) on the North side of the Gulf of Corinth—he took the side of the Rumeliots against the party of the primates of the Morea with extreme vehemence. He could see no good in the Moreots whose cunning and genius for intrigue he compared unfavourably with the more rugged nature of the mountaineers of Western Greece.

His hero was the greatest of Rumeliot captains, George Karaiskakis—according to Vlachoyannis, the only real military genius produced by the Greeks throughout the War of Independence. On the other hand, he had a very low opinion of the military qualities and character of Theodore Colocotronis—the "Old Man of the Morea"—despite the halo with which popular legend has surrounded his memory. Vlachoyannis would refer with withering scorn to Takis Kandiloros, a rival historian who, being a Peloponnesian, had written a book exalting the achievements of the Moreot klephpts. But we need not be surprised at this intense spirit of local partizanship—of that 'topikismos' which ran through all the politics of the struggle for independence and continued unabated during the rule of Capodistrias and the earlier period of Otho's reign. We might find a parallel in the animosities between the North and South which followed the American Civil War. I remember once being present at a discussion between a distinguished American diplomat, today the occupant of a high ambassadorial post, himself a Southerner, and his immediate subordinate, who happened to be a Yankee. As the controversy between them over the rights and wrongs of the War of Secession got more and more heated, the champion of the South affirmed his belief that General Sherman, the hero of the historic march through Georgia, was condemned to roast eternally in Hell! I am sure that Vlachoyannis, by analogy, would have fully sympathised

with this point of view and was prepared to consign to Hades the whole bunch of Peloponnesian primates, including Colocotronis himself.

Whatever Vlachoyannis' shortcomings—and admittedly they were many—we owe him a great debt for his indefatigable labours and for having preserved for us so much of the atmosphere of that romantic age—of the Greece and Greeks of 1821—which would otherwise have been lost for us through the negligence or indifference of later generations.

The period which immediately followed the end of the Greek War of Independence produced a plentiful crop of memoirs written by participants in that historic struggle, both on the military and the political side. Among the soldiers' memoirs we have those of General Ioannis Macriyannis, already mentioned, which, both as a historical record and as a literary monument, come an easy first; there are also the memoirs of General Theodore Colocotronis; the memoirs of Colocotronis' A.D.C. and devoted friend, Fotis Chrysanthopoulos (better known as Fotakos); of Nicholas Cassomoulis, a Macedonian of Siatista, who served as an officer in the Regular Army; of Spyromilios, a Chimarriot who has left us a diary of the siege of Missolonghi; of Admiral Sachtouris, one of a number of other military and naval officers.

Among the political leaders there are the memoirs of Germanos, Metropolitan of old Patras; of Emmanuel Xanthos and Perraivos both of whom were members of the Philiki Hetairia, the secret society which prepared the struggle for independence; of Nicholas Dragoumis, Secretary to Capodistrias, and others.

Some of these memoirs were written with a political aim—as an apologia or defence of the author's own conduct or of that of his hero against the attacks of opponents or the criticisms of the post-war historians, especially Spyridon Trikoupis. Such was the motive, for instance, of the memoirs of Theodore Colocotronis, Fotakos and George Varnakiotis. Varnakiotis, who was one of the leading 'armatoles' or guerilla chiefs, in Western Greece at the beginning of the War of Independence, had been accused 'by certain malevolent and zealous persons' of 'collaboration'—that is, of having entered into a **kapaki** or local 'accommodation' with the Turks. It should be noted that several such agreements had been negotiated during the earlier period of the struggle by guerilla leaders in Western and Eastern Greece by which they undertook to abstain from attacking the Turks provided the latter left their districs alone.

Commenting on the submission of Varnakiotis, Ghoghos and other guerilla leaders in Western Greece to the Turks after the disastrous battle of Peta (July 4, 1822), Vlachoyannis has an interesting note on these **"kapakia'** or local agreements. He says that these acts of submsision, which were often feigned, were a usual stratagem in both Greek and Albanian guerilla warfare in those times and are not to be judged too severely, provided of course they were temporary and did not entail the final abandonment of the struggle. I have not read Varnakiotis' defence and so am unable to say whether he was able to put up a case (2). We are inevitably reminded of the 'accommodations'—the term is Mr. Churchill's who employed it in his speech on May 25, 1944, in the House of Commons in reference to similar agreements entered into by some of the subordinate guerilla leaders during the German occupation of Yugoslavia—in this last war.

The Greek memoirs of this period are of very unequal value from the point of view of literary quality. Makriyannis towers head and shoulders above the rest and I would have no hesitation in recommending all students of modern Greek to read this work, without a doubt the finest literary prose document in the Romaic vernacular as spoken in its purest form at the beginning of the 19th Century —that is, before the spoken language had become adulterated by the admixture of gallicisms and of forms borrowed from the written language or **katharevousa.**

The superiority of Makriyannis' memoirs over those of his contemporaries is due to a number of reasons. Makriyannis, although uneducated, was an extremely intelligent man with a natural gift of eloquence and a strong sense of the dramatic, which enabled him to give expression to his thoughts in lively and picturesque language. Fortunately, he could speak no foreign language and could hardly read, so that his speech is entirely free from imported foreign expressions and is but slightly affected by the **katharevousaà** He also had the advantage over his followers in that he was just sufficiently literate to be able to write what he had to say with his own hand, instead of having to dictate like others—Colocotronis for instance—to a secretary who would certainly have tried to 'purify' the narrator's language. Makriyannis, like most Rumeliots, had a healthy dislike of 'scribblers'—the 'Kalamarades', as they were contemptuously called—and preferred to write everything—whether memoirs, letters or certificates of good conduct for his soldiers —with his own hand.

Theodore Colocotronis was less fortunate. Being completely illiterate (he could only just sign his name) he had to dictate his memoirs to his friend and admirer George Tertsetis, who was an educated man and who admits having changed some of the General's expressions. In any case, the result, as Tertsetis admits, was disappointing. The narrative is meagre and too condensed and is lacking in that wealth of anecdote which makes Makriyannis' memoirs so readable and interesting. Colocotronis, despite the fact that he was a most eloquent orator and a witty conversationalist and raconteur, with a great fund of humour and anecdote, has done himself less than justice in his memoirs which he dictated at great speed as if he wanted to get over a distasteful task as soon as possible.

Of all these memoirs, only those of Makriyannis and Colocotronis are written in the vernacular. Vlachoyannis points out that the attempts of semi-educated persons like Fotakos, Spyromilios and others to write in the **katharevousa,** an idiom with which they were not fully conversant, deprives their writings of all literary value. The **katharevousa** is only tolerable when used by educated men like Nicholas Dragoumis who had mastered the grammar

(2) The memoir is anonymous but Vlachoyannis is convinced that the author is Vernakiotis.

and syntax of the classical language on which the **katharevousa** is based. Otherwise the result was bound to be a mere jargon.

It would of course be impossible within the limits of a single lecture to analyse all of these memoirs. I therfore propose to confine myself to saying something about the more important ones.

I will start with the memoirs of General Makriyannis.

Anybody wishing to recapcture the atmosphere which prevailed throughout the Greek countryside on the eve of the great insurrection—an atmosphere of terrorism, conspiratorial activity and tense expectation —cannot do better than read the opening chapter of the memoirs in which Makriyannis describes the years of his childhood. We read there of the arbitrary exactions and tyranny of the local Turkish or Albanian landowners; of abductions and murders; of the sudden flight of whole families from one part of Greece to another to escape the persecution of some powerful pasha or bey; of the precarious contact with the West whenever some one of the wealthier Greek notables succeeded in sending his son abroad to study medicine (at that time the only professional career open to a young Greek). In many such cases the young man, while abroad, would be initiated into the Philiki Hetairia (the secret patriotic society with headquarters at Odessa which was preparing the uprising against the Turks) and would later return to his village to initiate his father and relatives into the organization; we read of the secret ceremony of initiation, confirmed by solemn oaths taken before the holy ikons, and so on.

Makriyannis was born of peasant stock near Lidoriki in the mountainous district of Doris in Western Greece, somewhere about the year 1797. His father was killed, probably by local Turks or Albanians, when he was still an infant, and his mother, carrying her baby in her arms, fled over the mountains to Livadia. As a boy, Makriyannis was first employed in various menial jobs at Livadia, Desfina, Jannina and Arta where his natural intelligence made him take to commerce with considerable success. While at Arta he was initiated into the Philiki Hetairia. Early in 1821, on the eve of the insurrection, we find him employed on a secret mission to the various local 'capetans' in Central Greece.

From that moment begins a life full of adventure and action in the national cause. Makriyannis took part in innumerable battles against the Turks in almost every part of Greece. We find him acting as provost-marshal of Athens in September 1823. In March, 1824, he was Commander of the Guard for the protection of the Government at Argos, and in August of that year he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General. He took part in all the principal battles against Ibrahim Pasha's Egyptian Army in 1825 and was seriously wounded at the battle of Myloi in June of that year. Shortly afterwards, wishing to set an example, he resigned his command as general of guerillas and enlisted as a simple soldier in the regular army, then being trained by Colonel Fabvier, an old soldier of Napoleon, who had volunteered for service in Greece. He distinguished himself In the defence of the Acropolis during the historic siege of 1826. After the liberation, during the Capodistrian and Othonian regimes, we find him usually in opposition to the Government. Having resigned from the Army, he was elected, in 1835, to the first Municipal Council of Athens. A keen democrat and constitutionalist, he became more and more involved in politics and was one of the ringleaders of the conspiracy which finally forced King Otho to grant a Constitution in September 1843.

The leading part played by Makriyannis in the events which preceded the granting of the Constitution is the subject of a contemporary play entitled "Dimitrios Calergis", written by an ardent Constitutionalist, N. Soliotis, in the pompous and to us somewhat comic **katharevousa** of those days. In this play Makriyannis, who is being besieged in his house by the Government's gendarmes defies them in the following rhymed verses in which we already recognize many of the clichès of modern Greek journalese:

«Ἡ ὀλεθρία, βλέπετε, κηφηνικὴ χορεία,
Εἰς τὸν δωμόν της ἄφευκτα νὰ γίνωμεν θυσία
Σκοπὸν κύριον ἔθετο καὶ σπεύδει ἡ ἀθλία
Νὰ συγκροτήσῃ αὔριον ὠμὰ Στρατοδικεῖα.
Ἡμεῖς ὅμως, ἀπόγονοι προγόνων ἀθανάτων,
Ἂς σπεύσωμεν νὰ δείξωμεν δι' ἀποτελεσμάτων
Ὅτι συγχρόνους ἔχομεν τὸν Βότζαρην ἐκεῖνον,
Καὶ τὸν Καραϊσκάκην μας, τὸ κλέος τῶν Ἑλλήνων,
Ὅτιποτέ τὸν Ἕλληνα δὲν κάμπτει ἡ δουλεία,
Τὸ ἦθος του δὲν ἤλλαξε περίστασις καμμία.»

(Behold this band of miserable drones, bent on our destruction and resolved to hale use tomorrow before their military Courts. But we, descendants of immortal sires, will shew them by our deeds what kind of men we are; we, the companions of Botzaris and of Karaiskakis, noblest of the Greeks. For no Greek will ever bow his head to a master, nor will any vicissitude make him chance his nature).

CHORUS OF OLD SOLDIERS (defiantly)

«Τὸ μάτι μας δὲν τρόμαξε, ποτὲ δὲν ἐφοβήθη,
καὶ τώρα τὴν προσπάθειαν οὐτιδανῶν κηφήνων
θὰ φοβηθοῦν οἱ ἥρωες τοῦ Ἔθνους τῶν Ἑλλήνων;»

Our eye has never trembled nor shewn fear,
And shall we now, we the heroes of the Hellenic Nation,
Be terrorized by a lot of miserable drones?)

After these ghastly effusions, it is a pleasure to pass on to the vigorous Romaic of Makriyannis' prose. I will quote some passages from the memoirs to illustrate the author's style, language and personality. Makriyannis is a master at describing battle scenes. The following is part of the description of the capture of the fortress of Old Navarino by Ibrahim Pasha's Egyptians. The harbour was dotted with corpses 'as thick as frogs on the surface of a marsh', he says:

«Αὐτεινὴ ἡ μέρα, ἀδελφοὶ ἀναγνῶστες, ἦταν πολὺ φαρμακερὴ διὰ τὴν πατρίδα ὁποῦχασε τόσα παληκάρια καὶ σημαντικοὺς ἄντρες, στεργιανοὺς

καὶ θαλασσινούς· διὰ ὅλη τὴ πατρίδα ἦταν φαρμάκι ἐκείνη ἡ ἡμέρα καὶ διὰ μᾶς πεθαμός, ὅτι χάσαμεν τόσους συντρόφους μας . . . Γιόμωσε καὶ τὸ λιμάνι πνιμένους, σὰν νὰ ἦταν μπακακάκια στὸ βάλτο, ἔτσι πλέγαν κι' αὐτεῖνοι στὴ θάλασσα. Καὶ τὸ νησὶ καὶ τ' ἄλλα μέρη γιομᾶτα κουφάρια σκοτωμένους. Καὶ οἱ Ἑλληνικὲς δυνάμεις μᾶς τήραγαν ἀπὸ ἀλάργα.»

Makriyannis, who was very hot-tempered, recounts in another passage how he got rid of a surgeon who was sent by the authorities to amputate his arm:

«Ἡ πληγὴ τοῦ χεριοῦ μου πήγαινε κακά· πρισ' κε τὸ χέρι μου καὶ γίνη τούμπανο. Γύρευαν νὰ μοῦ τὸ κόψουνε εἰς τὸ νῶμον οἱ γιατροί, ὅπου μὄχαν βάλη εἰς τὸ 'Ανάπλι νὰ μὲ γιατρέψουν. Τριάντα ὀκτὼ μερόνυχτα δὲν ἔκλεισα μάτι. Μὲ τοίμασαν εἰς θάνατον· ἔφερε ὅλα τὰ σύνεργα ὁ γιατρὸς νὰ μοῦ τὸ κόψη. Πῆρα τὸ γιαταγάνι, καὶ γκρεμίστη κάτω ἀπὸ τὴ σκάλα καὶ γλύτωσε—εἰ δε θὰ τὸν πάστρευα.»

Unlike some of the other guerilla chiefs who could not resign themselves to giving up their independence and enlisting in the newly formed regular army, Makriyannis, a true patriot, decided to set an example (this was in 1825):

«Πῆγα εἰς τὴν Διοίκηση καὶ τῆς εἶπα ὅτι θὰ διαλύσω τὸ σῶμα μου καὶ θὰ μπῶ εἰς τὸ ταχτικὸν ὡς ἁπλὸς στρατώτης (μ' εἶχαν κάμει καὶ στρατηγό). Τοῦ εἶπα «Ἡ Πατρὶς χωρὶς ταχτικὸν δὲν δὲν πάγει ὀμπρὸς καὶ θὰ μπῶ σ' αὐτό.» Πάσκισαν, δὲν μπόρεσαν, νὰ μὲ βαστήξουν. Πέταξα τὸ βαθμό μου καὶ διάλυσα τὸ σῶμα μου. Πῆρα καμπόσους ἀξιωματικούς μου νὰ πάγω εἰς τὴν 'Αθήνα, ὁποῦνε ὁ Φαβγές, νὰ γυμναστῶ ὡς ἁπλὸς στρατιώτης.»

Finally, there is the description of the inevitable "Glenti" in celebration of Makriyannis' reconciliation with Gouras, the Governor of the Acropolis, with whom he had previously been at daggers drawn—a scene of typical Greek gaiety and at the same time deep pathos at which Makriyannis sang an impromptu song:

Τότε ἔκατσε · Γκούρας καὶ οἱ ἄλλοι καὶ φάγαμε ψωμί. Τραγούδησαμε καὶ γλεντήσαμε. Μὲ περικάλεσε ὁ Γκούρας καὶ ὁ Παπακώστας νὰ τραγουδήσω, ὅτι εἴχαμεν τόσον καιρὸν ὅπου δὲν εἴχαμεν τραγουδήση—τόσον καιρὸν ὅπου μᾶς ἔβαλαν οἱ διοτελεῖς καὶ γγιχτήκαμε διὰ νὰ κάνουν τοὺς κακοὺς τους σκοπούς. Τραγουδοῦσα καλά. Τότε λέγω ἕνα τραγοῦδι:

Γυρίζει ὁ ἥλιος καὶ τοὺς λέει, γυρίζει καὶ τοὺς κρένει:

«Ἐψὲς ὅπου βασίλεψα πίσω ἀπὸ μιὰ ραχοῦλα,
ἄκ' σα γυναίκεια κλάματα κι' ἀνδρῶν τὰ μυργιολόγια
γι' αὐτὰ τὰ ἡρωϊκὰ κορμιὰ στὸν κάμπον ξαπλωμένα,
καὶ μεσ' τὸ αἷμα τὸ πολὺ εἶναι ὅλα βουτηγμένα.
Γιὰ τὴν πατρίδα πήγανε στὸν Ἄδη τὰ καημένα.»

Ὁ μαῦρος ὁ Γκούρας ἀναστέναξε καὶ μοῦ λέει: «Ἀδελφὲ Μακρυγιάννη, σὲ καλὸ νὰ τὸ κάμῃ ὁ Θεός· ἄλλη φορὰ δὲν τραγουδοῦσες τόσο παραπονεμένα. Αὐτὸ τὸ τραγοῦδι σὲ καλὸ νὰ μᾶς βγῆ» — εἶχα κέφι, τοῦ εἶπα, ὅταν δὲν τραγουδήσαμε τόσον καιρό,» Ὅτι εἰς τἀρδιὰ πάντοτες γλεντούσαμε.

That is about as much as I have time to quote from the rich storehouse of Makriyannis' memoirs which is full of such descriptions of a truly Homeric simplicity.

The language of Makriyannis' memoirs is the common speech of Rumeli mixed with a few dialectical forms from Arta and Jannina where Makriyannis had spent a good part of his youth. It contains, of course, a high proportion of Turkish words which had passed into the common speech and were in everyday use. Many of these words today have become obsolete as the result of the thorough process of purification undergone by the Greek language during the 19th Century.

Makriyannis uses none of those French constructions which have crept into modern Greek journalese. When he uses words from the **katharevousa,** he usually bungles them.

As a supplement to his memoirs, Makriyannis commissioned an ikon-painter named Panayiotis Zoghrafos, from Sparta, to paint him twenty-five cartoons representing various battles and incidents of the War of Independence. He afterwards had four copies made of these, which he presented to King Otho of Greece and to each of the Sovereigns of the Three Protecting Powers—Queen Victoria, King Charles X of France and Tsar Nicholas I of Russia. Otho's copy, which got lost at the time of his exile, turned up later in an old bookshop in Rome where it was picked up by that indefatigable bibliophile, the late Mr. Ioannes Gennadios, formerly Greek Minister to the Court of St. James. These pictures, though executed in an ultra-naive style, are nevertheless not without charm and as historical documents are of great interest, because they show the costume of the period, the methods of fighting, etc. The artist worked under the personal direction of Makriyannis. (1).

I pass on now to a very different type of writer—Nicholas Kassomoulis.

Kassomoulis, who was born at Siatista in Western Macedonia, was initiated at an early age into the Philiki Hetairia. He took part in two unsuccessful risings in Macedonia and the Chalcidice. He served in the War of Independence, first as a guerilla and then in the regular forces. He was present at the siege of Missolonghi, and later served under Gordon and Karaiskakis. He rose to the rank of colonel under Capodistrias and Otho, and died in 1872. He has left important memoirs.

Kassomoulis, though more educated than Makriyannis, was far from being gifted with the same

(1) The set from the collection at Windsor Castle was shown at the Exhibition of Greek Art held at Burlington House in 1946.

personality and originality of mind and expression. Being only semi-educated, he knew just enough of the **katharevousa** to spoil his native speech. His style is ungrammatical and full of solecisms, and his vocabulary a mixture of the two idioms—the vernacular and the katharevousa. You will be able to form an idea of his style from the following extract—Kassomoulis' description of a dramatic incident which took place at Missolonghi on the eve of the historic sortie (10th-11th April, 1826). The plan was for the besieged to try and slip through the enemy lines under cover of dark, but they were faced with the dilemma of either leaving behind most of the women and children to fall into the hands of the Turks and Egyptians—which was unthinkable—or else running the risk of being betrayed by the cries of the infants if they took them with them. The idea was seriously mooted that it would be better to put both women and little children to death. Here is how Kassomoulis describes this tragic discussion (the idea of killing the women and children was finally abandoned in face of a strong protest from Archbishop Joseph of Roghai):

«Ὡμίλησαν περὶ τῶν φαμελλιῶν, ὅτι ἔχοντες μικρά, θὰ ἀρχίσουν νὰ κλαίγουν.
Τοῦτο πῶς πρέπει νὰ γίνῃ..

Ἀποφάσισαν ὅλοι νὰ φονεύσωμεν ὅλαις ταὶς γυναίκαις καὶ τὰ μικρὰ παιδιὰ ἐπὶ λόγῳ νὰ μὴ προδοθοῦμεν, καὶ δὲν μείνῃ κανένας μας, καὶ νὰ μὴ μείνουν αἰχμάλωτοι εἰς τοὺς ἐχθρούς· διὰ νὰ ἀποφύγωμεν δὲ τὴν φιλόστοργον συμπάθειαν τῶν πατέρων καὶ ἀδελφῶν, ἀπεφασίσθη νὰ σφάξῃ ὁ ἕνας τοῦ ἄλλουνοῦ τὴν οἰκογένειαν.

Ὅλοι, μὲ μιὰ φωνήν, ἀποφάσισαν, καὶ ἦσαν ἕτοιμοι νὰ κινηθοῦν νὰ εἰδοποιήσουν τὸ στράτευμα νὰ ἀρχίσῃ.

Μία τοιαύτη στρατιωτικὴ ἀπόφασις, ἂν καὶ γενναία, πλὴν σκληρὰ καὶ ἀπάνθρωπος, ἐπαρακίνησεν τὸν Ἀρχιερέαν (sic) ἐν τῷ ἅμα νὰ σηκωθῇ ἐπάνω λέγων:

—Ἐν ὀνόματι τῆς Ἁγίας Τριάδος, εἶμαι Ἀρχιερεὺς—ἂν τολμήσετε νὰ πράξετε τοῦτο, πρῶτον θυσιάσατε ἐμένα. Καὶ σᾶς ἀφῆνω κατάραν τοῦ Θεοῦ καὶ τῆς Παναγίας καὶ ὅλων τῶν Ἁγίων—καὶ τὸ αἷμα τῶν ἀθώων νὰ πέσῃ εἰς τὰ κεφάλια σας.»

Ἐφώνησεν (sic) τοῦτο, ἐκάθισεν, καὶ καὶ ἄρχισε νὰ κλαίγῃ.

Μὲ ταὶς κατάραις καὶ παρατηρήσεις, ἐμπόδισεν τὴν ὁρμὴν τῶν Ἀξιωματικῶν, καὶ οὕτως ἄρχισαν νὰ σκέπτωνται πῶς δύνανται νὰ προφυλαχθοῦν ἀπὸ τὰ αἴτια τῆς προδοσίας.

Ἐμείναμεν ἕως μισὴ ὥρα σιωπῶντες· ενας εἶπεν: Καθένας νὰ ὑποσχεθῇ διὰ τοὺς ἐδικούς του . . . Ἄλλοι ἄλλο συζητοῦντες, ἀποφάσισαν νὰ μὴ τρέξουν κοντά τους, μὲ ὅλην τὴν εὐχαρίστησιν νὰ θανατωθοῦν μὲν, πλὴν οἱ ὑπανδρευμένοι καὶ οἱ συγγενεῖς νὰ πείσουν τὰς οἰκογενείας των ὅτι νὰ σωθοῦν, καὶ τίποτες δυσκολίαις νὰ μὴ τοὺς προβάλουν, ἀλλὰ ὅλας τὰς εὐκολίας σωτηρίας των· τὰ δὲ μικρὰ παιδιὰ νὰ τὰ ποτίσουν ἀφιόνι, τὴν ὥραν τῆς ἐξόδου μας, νὰ κοιμηθοῦν, νὰ μὴ κλαίγουν. Καὶ ὅποιος ἔχῃ τὴν τύχην νὰ γλυτώσῃ, καλῶς· ὅποις πεθάνῃ, ἂς πάγῃ εἰς τὸ καλόν . . . .

We owe it to George Tertsetis that Theodore Colocotronis—the 'Old Man of the Morea'—finally decided rather late in life—in 1836—to dictate his memoirs. Every leading Greek statesman or soldier has always had by him some close friend who is admitted to the great man's intercourse and intimacy; who calls him by the diminutive of his Christian name, and exercises great influence on his thoughts and actions. Such was the role of George Tertsetis, the man who had sat on the bench which tried the old warrior for his treason in 1835 and had been the only one of the judges to vote for his acquittal. Colocotronis had up till then obstinately refused all his friends' entreaties to record his reminiscences for posterity. It was Tertsetis who finally induced him to do so—he tells the story himself in his Prolegomena to the memoirs of Colocotronis:

«Λές' δὲν ἠξεύρεις γράμματα—καὶ πολλὰ ἠξεύρεος· τὰ λόγια εἶναι γράμματα, μίλειε, καὶ ἐγὼ γράφω, ἢ ἄλλος, ἂν θέλεις. Πολλοὶ ἔζησαν ἀντρειοι, Καπετὰν Θοδωράκη, πρὶν τοῦ Ἀγαμέμνονος καὶ τοῦ Ἀχιλλέως, ἀλλὰ κοίτονται ἀδάκρυτοι, χωρὶς θυμίαμα ἐπαίνου εἰς ἄχαρη λησμοιά . . .»

Μ' ἐκοίταξε ὁ μακαρίτης εἰς τὸ ἥμερο καὶ τὸ ἄγριο, καὶ ἔπειτα μοῦ εἶπε: «Ἔλα αὔριο, πρωῒ ἔλα», μοῦ ἐφώναξε ἀπὸ τὸ παραθῦρι ὅταν ἔφευγα. Τοῦ ἔβαλα τὴν ὄρεξιν· εἰς δύο μῆνες ἐτελειώσαμε.

Fotakos is something between a memoir-writer and a historian. He had been an eye-witness of most of the events he describes—as Colocotronis' chief aide-de-camp, Fotakos was by his leader's side throughout all his campaigns in the Peloponese—but the form of the work is that of a historical rather than of a personal narrative.

The book, which is written in a simple form of the **katharevousa**, is nevertheless extremely readable, but as a literary work is not in the same street with the memoirs of Makriyannis. It is more than probable that Fotakos, who, according to Vlachoyannis, was illiterate, must have had his own version touched up by some learned friend. We cannot but regret this intellectual snobbishness which impelled so many of the simple warriors of the War of Independence to clothe their native eloquence in the artificial trappings of the **katharevousa**

Fotakos wrote his book of reminiscences spurred on by Tersetis, that thirster after historical truth, to whom the work is dedicated. It is a memorial to his great leader, Theodore Colocotronis, and partly also a defence of his chief's conduct against the misrepresentations of professional historians like Spyridon Tricoupis

There are many interesting descriptions and striking anecdotes in the pages of Fotakos who deals

Scores on Greek Fashions

ELENI SAKES

ELENI SAKES, fashion and beauty editor of the nationally known Washington, D. C. Evening Star has the distinction of being the only fashion editor of Hellenic descent in America. Recently she visited Greece. Her articles entitled "Eleni in Greece" dealing with Greek fashions, ancient and contemporary, published in The Evening Star were so good that we reprinted from them in the last issue of Athene. In view of the widespread enthusiasm expressed by our readers regarding these fashion series, we are able to bring you some information regarding Miss Sakes herself.

She was born in Washington, D. C., May 17, 1925. Her parents, Aspasia and Constantine D. Sakelladides hail from Thrace and Issari (Arcadia) respectively. She attended George Washington University and Columbia. While in College she was COLLEGE EDITOR for the Washington Times-Herald, that is prior to beginning work for the STAR.

Eleni started on the Washington Star as a copy-girl working part time and going to college. Went on Women's Page staff a year and a half later. At 21 she became Fashion Editor for the paper. And for the past four years she worked in that capacity plus being Beauty Editor and doing extra writing assignments.

She is a member of the Fashion Group, the Women's Advertising Club. past secretary of the Women's National Press Club and the Amereican Newspaper Women's Club.

Fashion reporting has taken her to Italy, Greece, France, Bermuda and Cuba. Twice a year in January, and in July, as one of the 150 Fashion Editors of the country, she goes to New York to cover the new collections of the leading American designers for Spring and Fall respectively. A series written for the STAR about New York's Garment Industry was picked up by International News Service and was syndicated nationally. She feels strongly that fashion should be reported straight, and without all the frills and furbelows. People behind the fashion in America and in France, says she, can and do make news. Clothing is one of the three "essentials", food and shelter being the other two. It deserves the same straight forward approach given to them.

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mainly with the events and personalities of the Morea. I will confine myself ot quoting one passage from his description of the terrible conditions in that part of Greece after the country had been laid waste by Ibrahim Pasha's Egyptian army. Fotakos recounts how some Egyptian soldiers, while on a reconnaissance on the thickly-wooded slopes of Mt. Chelmos, came across six little babies which had been abandoned by their mothers in their headlong flight to escape capture.

«Ἀφοῦ δὲ ἐφθάσαμεν εἰς τὸν Ἅγιον Φλῶρον, ἐκεῖ εἶναι θέσις ὅπου ἐβγαίνει κεφαλόβρυσον καὶ ἔχει καὶ μεγάλα δένδρα διὰ ἴσκιον· ἐκεῖ ηὕραμεν κρεμασμένα ἀπὸ τὰ δένδρα ὡς ἕξ παιδιὰ μικρὰ βυζαστάρικα ἀπὸ πέντε ἕως ἑπτὰ μηνῶν τὸ καθένα, σπαργανωμένα καθὼς τὰ εἶχαν ἡ μάναις των. Εἶχαν δὲ ἀποκάμει καὶ δὲν ἠμποροῦσαν νὰ κλάψουν καλά. Εἶχαν περάσει τρεῖς ἡμέραις ἀφ' ὅτου εἶχαν φύγει ἐκεῖθεν οἱ Τοῦρκοι Ἀραπάδες, οἵτινες εἶχαν κυνηγήσει τῆς μάναις των, αἱ ὁποῖαι διὰ νὰ γλυτώσουν ἔρριψαν τὰ παιδιά των. Οἱ δὲ Ἀραπᾶδες παίρνοντες ἀπὸ χάμου τὰ παιδιά, τὰ ἐβαστοῦσαν εἰς τὰ χέρια των, καὶ δείχνοντες αὐτά, ἐφώναζαν τὴν μάνα τοῦ καθενός, λέγοντες. «Μαρία, Μαρία, στάσου νὰ σοῦ τὸ δώσω.» Ἤθελαν μὲ τοῦτο νὰ γελάσουν τὴν μάνα διὰ νὰ τὴν πιάσουν, διότι ἐνόμιζαν ὅτι θὰ τὴν ζαλίσῃ ὁ πόνος τοῦ παιδιοῦ καὶ θὰ σταθῇ. Αὐτοὶ τὰ εἶχαν κρεμάσει ἀπὸ τὰ δένδρα τὸ καθένα μὲ τὴν νάκαν (1) του, καὶ χάριν φιλανθρωπίας δὲν τὰ ἐσκότωσαν. Τὸ θέαμα ἦτο λυπηρόν. Εἶχαν τὰ χέρια των εἰς τὸ στόμα των καὶ ἐβύζαιναν τὰ δάκτυλα των, τὰ ποῖα ἐξεπέτσωσαν καὶ ἐφαγώθησαν οὕτως, ὥστε ἔβγαινε τὸ αἷμα καὶ τὸ ἐβύζαιναν.»

Nicholas Dragoumis, a young Macedonian of good family from Boghatsiko in Western Macedonia, was educated at the school of the Lazarist Fathers at Naxos. In 1828 he was appointed secretary to Capodistrias. He wrote some very interesting memoirs composed, unfortunately, in the stilted and arificial **katharevousa** of the period. Dragoumis was typical of the best type of Western-educated Greek who wishes to help in building up the country on occidental lines. Like so many others, he had a certain contempt for the "palikars" (kilted bravoes) he calls them—who swaggered about in gold-braided jackets and flowing fustanellas with a whole armory of pistols, yataghans and cutlasses. These picturesque ruffians were regarded by the new arrivals from the West as representatives of that oriental chapter in Greek history which it was desired to close and forget; as unruly elements who were an obstacle, as indeed they were, to the establishment of an ordered administration on the European model.

The difference of costume marked the difference in outlook. The Westerners went about ostentatiously clad in the latest fashion of Paris, London or Vienna —grey top hat, dark frock-coat, tight nankeen trousers strapped beneath the foot, and pointed shoes, looking strangely incongruous amid those surroundings. The most representative type of the Western-educated Greek, who served as a model to the younger gene-

(1) A kind of sheath in which the peasant women carried their babies on their backs.

(Continued on Page 47)

Lawrence A. Kimpton, New Chancellor of the University of Chicago, a Noted Hellenist

Chancellor LAWRENCE A. KIMPTON

The election of Lawrence A. Kimpton as chancellor of the University of Chicago will please readers of this magazine. Chancellor Kimpton is not only one of the outstanding personalities in the field of education today, a noted philosopher, but a philhellene as well. It was through his efforts and understanding, togtther with the efforts of Prof. Gertrude Smith and Prof. Oscar Broneer, both of the Greek Dept. of the University, that the UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO GREEK CULTURAL FOUNDATION was established recently. The aims of this foundation are so comprehensive in scope and anticipation, every friend of Greek culture in America will be glad to hear that such an organization is a reality.

Already John L. Manta, Chicago industrialist and the only Greek-American trustee of the foundation so far, has donated $9,000.00 to the foundation establishing a three year lectureship. An important Greek leader will be invited to Chicago to give a series of lectures at the University of Chicago to be known as the John L. Manta Greek Lectures. Other objectives of the Foundation are: Excavations in Greece; Exchange of students between the two countries; Encouragement of Greek studies among the student body; Exhibits of Byzantine and Modern Greek Art in America, and the promotion of pilgrimages to Greece by American intellectuals and students.

Pittsburgh Greek-Americans Forge Ahead

PITTSBURGH, PA. — Pittsburgh is rapidly developing into one of the most dynamic Hellenic American communities in the United States. Many young men and women of Greek descent hereabout are imbued with this aggressive spirit, and one of them is Mr. George Shorall.

"Athene" takes especial pleasure to commend this young man who is a native Pittsburgher and who is active in many worthwhile Hellenic causes. His background too has fitted him for leadership. A veteran of World War II, he served in Asia for four years as an officer of the army. He received his A. B. from the University of Pittsburgh and is now finishing law school. Furthermore he is currently engaged in several enterprises including MacDonald's Candy Shops. Inc. and chiefly as a partner in the well established real estate firm of Shor-Vell Real Estate Company. He is also associated with the Schenly Furniture Co. and the Betsy Ross Restaurants, Inc.

He is an Ahepan and chairman of the local displaced persons committee. And in addition Mr. Shorall is an officer of the tremendously powerful Hellenic Political Alliance whose influence is strong in western Pennsylvania.

Mr. Shorall is married to the former Marie Vlahakis, and they have one child, George Shorall II.

—JOHN MARCELLOS

ANAXAGORAS IN FLORIDA

Reviewed by C. J. LAMPOS

If an antique statue were to be unearthed, there would be excitement indeed. There should be equal excitement over the rediscovery of the ideas of a great philosopher. We feel this way over the book THE PHILOSOPHY OF ANAXAGORAS: An Attempt At Reconstruction by Felix M. Cleve (King's Crown Press, Columbia University. New York. 1949. 167 pp. $3.00).

Professor Cleve has spent 30 years in piecing together and interpreting the philosophy of Anaxagoras, who came to Athens in the birth-years of that great city and was reputed to be the teacher of Themistocles, Pericles, and Euripides. Only fragments have survived from the works of this thinker, but the results of this reconstruction are that Anaxagoras emerges as a really original philosopher, indeed a giant among the philosophers of the world. Professor Cleve states emphatically and repeatedly that Anaxagoras is a philosopher not of his era but of mankind.

The philosophy of Anaxagoras may be summed up in a single line from a fragment of his— "All has been arranged by Mind." The author goes on to fill in the details of this philosophy—the constitutents of the universe, his cosmogony, infinity in space and time, and the posterity of Anaxagoras. We find that Anaxagoras was the first to put on the head of the world systems of arrangement not hazard nor blind necessity but Mind.

So rewarding is this book that we brought it to the sands of Miami Beach and thumbed it in beat to the tune of the mighty Atlantic Ocean.

Demetra Vaka's Autobiography

(Continuing the Fascinating Story of the late Demetra Vaka (Mrs. Kenneth Brown) America's exotic writer of Greek descent).

CHAPTER XVII.

Cowardice of a Wage-Slave

In spite of the heat my work continued engrossing. Everything I had learned, the political talks I had heard, my travels, the histories I had read, all helped me. But what kept my heart from drying up was the correspondence with those unknown immigrants. Time became so precious that I had to give up my one and only pupil, which meant that my salary really did not suffice for my needs—and just then I needed a pair of white shoes.

I went into a shoe-shop and asked the clerk for a pair of "half-past three sho-es." (It seems incredible now that I never wore that size). I had to repeat my words several times, and even then the man went to consult another, who came and asked what I wanted. After trying to understand, he asked brightly: "You French?"

I nodded.

"I will bring Frenchman, he said. So I sat down and waited, one of my shoes having been taken off.

Presently another young man came up and spoke to me, but he was even more unintelligible than the other. I shook my head and he went away.

Pressed for time, with one shoe off, I went after the man who had said he was going to get a Frenchman. He brought the same young man to me.

"He French," he said slowly and distinctly.

I addressed the young man in French, and he eagerly answered. Listening attentively I realized that he did use words that sounded like French, but the meaning escaped me.

"Don't you understand him?"

"No."

The other man seemed put out. I took a piece of paper, and wrote down in French what I wanted, and handed it to the supposed French clerk. He understood perfectly, and brought me the shoes. What he spoke was Canadian French, which, if one is not accustomed to it, is very difficult to understand.

The price they asked for that pair of shoes staggered me, and after all the trouble I had made them, I felt mortified to have to say that I could not afford them. InConstantinople my mother and I had thought we had little money, but we were affluent compared to what I was going through in New York. Literally every penny counted. I was obliged to give up going on Sunday to the Metropolitan Museum, to save the car fare. And I began to wonder how I should ever earn money enough to go to the university. And if I couldn't afford a pair of shoes, what should I do when the clothes I had brought with me began to wear out?

I tried my doctor's formula: God was my father. I must have faith in Him and trust to His love. In the midst of my despondency I began to laugh, and to talk to God as if He were present: "Can't you see that I haven't any time to pray to you. Why don't you look after me? Or don't you ever come to this dirty America?"

As if God were answering me, the kind proof-reader came into my cubby-hole to ask what I meant by a certain sentence. He slipped a folded paper into my hand. On it was written:

"Tear this into small bits as soon as you read it. Tomorrow is Saturday. When you go for your pay envelope, ask for a raise of five dollars. If he says No, tell him you will quit."

Watching my chance I asked: "But suppose he doesn't give me this big raise. Wouldn't it be better to ask for two dollars? And if he should refuse me, what could I do. There is no other Greek newspaper."

"You are the best worker he ever had. He is making you do the work of two men now. You must ask for a raise of five. You are worth it, and he will give it to you."

But I didn't ask for it. Fear that I might be left without any means of support deterred me. I learned then what it meant to be afraid of losing your job. Little by little that fear dulls courage. One becomes a coward, an anarchist, or a criminal, or one just disintegrates and is good for nothing.

On Monday the proof-reader called me a coward. "Go into his room now, and tell him that your salary must go up five dollars a week. If you don't, I'll never speak to you again."

"Please let me take a day or two to think about it."

In my cubby-hole I laid my arms on my desk, and my head on them. I was already called a coward—I, who had thought of myself as daring and brave.

For the first time that day I did not read the correspondence. The troubles of those unknown immigrants receded before mine. They were men. They could do all kinds of work, while I could only do what I was doing. What lay before me? And so, silently, I prayed. I think it was Bishop Slattery who wrote a slender book, "Why Men Pray," and in reading it, years later, I knew why men prayed.

That evening I found Aline spreading on the bed the prettiest gown she had yet made. It was cerise, and in front, instead of a lace insertion, she had embroidered a spray of green, upon which hung cherries of a darker hue than the dress.

"Oh, Aline, I never saw anything lovelier."

"Yes, it is very beautiful," she agreed. "I think I shall ask for more money than they pay me."

"Do. This gown is worth ten dollars."

"I'm glad you think so, because I made it for you. Now you must buy that pair of white shoes to go with it."

I shook my head. "I can't afford it."

"Then why do you stay on that paper, and work as hard as you do? Madame Viret says you are the most educated person who has ever come to the Home—and she has been the head here for many years. Make your paper pay you more, or leave it.'

"Then what should I do?"

"Listen! A few days ago an American lady came here who spoke beautiful French. She has a little girl eight years old who speaks French, too, because they lived for some years in France. She wants a governess for the child, and pays a hundred dollars a month."

"Didn't she engage Mademoiselle Millet?"

"She found her too old. She says the child is very delicate, and she wants a young person who can be governess and playmate at the same time. Why dont you take that? She woud like you."

In a flash I saw that if I took the place I could save a thousand dollars a year. In two years I should have enough to take me through the university.

I asked Madame Viret for the address of the American lady, and after supper invested a precious five cents to go to her. The house was on upper Fifth Avenue. A man servant opened the door. Madame was dining out. She would be back at ten.

"I am applying for the position of governess," I explained. "Can I see the little girl?"

"She is in bed with a cold. A trained nurse is with her." He eyed me curiously, but not unkindly. "I'll see."

He returned with a youngish woman, in white from her shoes to her cap.

I explained to her from where I came, and what I wanted.

"Yes, madame went to the French Home for a governess, but they were too old. I don't know whether I ought to take you to see the child; but since you are going to wait, you might as well come up."

We walked up two flights of stairs. In a large room, exquisitely appointed, and filled with toys, the little girl, her face buried in her pillows, was whimpering.

"Is she suffering?" I asked.

The nurse shook her head. "Temper," she whispered. "Spoiled brat!' (I made a mental note of "brat," to look up in the dictionary.) To the child she said:

"Evelyn, here is a young lady who wants to be your governess."

"Send her 'way. I dont want her."

"How do you know you dont want me?" I asked in French, "since you haven't looked at me."

"I don't want to look at you. Go 'way!"

"Perhaps if you stopped whimpering, looked at me, and spoke in a sweet voice, you might become pretty."

"I **am** pretty. I am very pretty," she cried, sitting up angrily.

Not only was she not pretty, she had the ugliness that spoiled children acquire. If I became her governess, could I deal with her?

The trained nurse said in a whisper: "At least you made her sit up. I'm going to leave you alone with her," and she started for the door.

"Don't go!' Evelyn cried. "I don't want you to go."

The nurse paid no attention, and the child began to scream.

"If you scream like this, Evelyn, "I remarked, "you will spoil the chords of your throat, and your voice will become like that of a crow."

"I won't be like a crow—I won't."

"You could have a voice as lovely as an angel's, and you could become as pretty as a fairy."

"How?"

"By acting like an angel and a fairy."

"You are silly!" and she began whimpering again.

"Silly is not a pretty word; and if you call people silly much, you will not become pretty."

"You are silly! silly! silly!"

I drew up a chair and sat by her bed. "Evelyn, if you learn to give pleasure to others, you will grow up to be like a flower, and everyone will like you."

"And if I don't?"

"You will be like a thorn, and people will avoid you."

In this vein we talked, she calling me silly, now and then, or arguing. She told me that she had had three governesses in succession, all having stayed only a month. Yet there were possibilities in Evelyn, if I could have full authority over her, and be able to humanize her. She certainly was not stupid.

Past ten o'clock the door opened and a tall lady entered in semi-evening dress, saying imperiously: "It's most irregular, Miss Patton, and you should not have left a stranger alone with my child."

Evelyn pointed at me. "She says I could be like a flower. She says I could be like an angel, if I tried. Could I, mummy?"

I rose and said to Evelyn: "Are you going to try?"

"Are you going to be my governess?"

"I shall have to think about it."

"I don't want you to think about it. I want you to stay and tell me more."

"She will stay, my darling, since you wish it. I will bring her back, after I have a little talk with her."

She led me to a small sitting-room, evidently her boudoir, with gold and silver gadgets on the tables. Pointing to a chair, she began explaining about Evelyn, how delicate and sensitive she was. Then: "You look too young. Have you had much experience? Before I engage you, I shall have to talk with the lady with whom you were last."

"You will have to take a very long trip, because she is in Turkey now." And I thought of Aline who had told me how badly governesses were treated. It would be better to ask for a raise at the newspaper.

"Tell me something about yourself," she said loftily.

After she heard how I happened to be left alone in America, she exclaimed in dismay: "I don't see how I can engage you with such slender experience. Still, you seem to get along with Evelyn. How did you manage it?"

"By remembering how I felt at her age."

"What do you think of Evelyn?"

"Her imagination hasn't been cultivated. She is eight years old, yet she has no resources within herself. She must learn to develop them."

"Suppose I engage you for a month, to see how it will work out."

"I could come on one condition only: full authority over Evelyn."

"What kind of authority?"

"Evelyn is spoiled. She gets her way by whimpering and screaming. That must be stopped. She must be disciplined."

"That is absurd, considering that you haven't any experience."

"I have been over two hours with Evelyn. The first half of the time she called me names. Afterwards we talked together."

"Yes, you did interest her. And she wants you to stay. To give her pleasure I should like to keep you. But to give you authority over my child—never!"

I got up.

"Sit down, please. Tell me, how did you manage to make her listen to you?"

"By treating her as if she were a nice child."

"She **is** nice."

"She is very spoiled."

"Because she is so delicate. A delicate child must not be crossed."

"She isn't so delicate—and she will only become strong by being disciplined."

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll pay you a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month to come tonight."

"I must have authority over her, if I am to succeed."

"Really I couldnt give you that authority. But by talking beforehand with me, how you were going to discipline her, I might permit it."

"Then I shall have to take time to think the matter over."

"How much time? You see Evelyn wants you, and I never deny her anything."

"Part of the discipline will be to deny her what she wants, until she becomes conscious of the rewards of merit."

"Are you going to be stern with her?"

"Oh yes, quite."

"Oh dear!" she exclaimed, "and she wants you to stay. Couldn't you let me know tomorrow evening? And couldnt you come then? I can keep her humored until then."

"Yes, I can let you know tomorrow evening."

She walked with me to the top of the stairs, and shook hands with me—which she had not done when we had first met.

"Besides your salary, you will have presents, if you can make Evelyn happy."

Even before taking off my hat, the next morning, I walked into the editor:s office.

"Because the salary you pay me is inadequate, I am compelled to ask for a raise of five dollars a week, beginning yesterday."

He stared at me. "What makes you think you are worth five dollars more? People don't receive a raise until they have worked for a year—and given satisfaction."

"Unless I receive this raise I am leaving today."

"I don't think you know this country. You will not be able to find work."

"Oh yes, I can."

He pursed up his lips. "I might give you two dollars more a week."

"Five dollars more—and that's little enough."

"But it will take you weeks, even months, to find work if you leave here."

"I have been offered a position at a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month as a governess."

He threw back his head and laughed derisively. "Why don't you take it?"

"Because I dont like to become a governess, and I like the work here. But unless I receive this raise, starting with this week, I will take the governesss place tonight."

"Well, let me think about it."

"No, I must know now. If you refuse, I shall leave at once, as I need all today to make ready to go."

His attitude changed. Gallantly he said: "Well, well, well, ladies must be humored. You can have your raise."

And I blessed Evelyn, who had taken me out of the ranks of the cowards. And that evening I took Aline to a vaudeville.

CHAPTER XVIII
Providence Disposes

Settled now for at least a year, I made up my mind to derive whatever porfit I could from my work, since the hope of improving my English was dimmed. Life, however, is a mischievous imp. Had I rebelled, she would have let me stew in my rebellion. My submission she capriciously decided to thwart.

One day the proprietor called me into his office. With him was a middle-aged man, shy in manner, with kindly blue eyes. The proprietor introduced him as Dr. Thomas Stedman, who had written a grammar on modern Greek, and wanted some one to read the galley proofs. Could I do it?

Overburdened with work, I ought to have refused. But I perceived what an advantage it would be to come into contact with an intellectual American mind, and eagerly I accepted. At first the proofs were mailed to me, until Dr. Stedman said he would like to have an hour's conversation in modern Greek, for which he paid me liberally.

At his home I met his wife, an Englishwoman who, being slightly deaf, spoke slowly and carefully. There was a peculiar charm to her enunciation, and though I was only on the threshold of this new language, I realized that her speech was more finished than any I had yet heard; for my Anna Mix spoke like a New Yorker.

Providence brought these two people to me when I needed them most. After a few lessons it became their habit to ask me to stay to dinner; and learning how I had come to America, they began to plan for my future. Presently they advised me to move from the French Home and live with Americans, for the sake of my English.

"Oh, I couldn't afford to do that," I objected, "I pay very little at the Home."

"You won't have to pay anything at all. You can give two hours of French or Greek or Italian in exchange for your living."

They inserted an edvertisement in an American newspaper. From the answers, they chose one from the Comstock School, and Mrs. Stedman accompanied me there.

Miss Lydia Day, the owner and principal of the school, was an attractive, blue-eyed woman from a cultivated Springfield, Massachusetts, family, and her speech was as good as Mrs. Stedman's. I would have agreed to go to the Comstock School, even if I had had to give more than two hours a day, so much did I like Miss Day. She wished me to come at once, since there was a pupil to be prepared for her Greek examination.

The proof-reader of the **Atlantis** was the first to hear my news. Nodding his head toward the owner's office, he whispered: "He will now offer you more money to stay. But don't do it. The school is best. Good luck to you."

The owner insisted that I could not leave without given him two weeks' notice, and added: "Besides, I am prepared to pay you twenty-five dollars a week, if you will stay here for a year."

I refused this offer, but agreed to come to the office, after my two hours at the school, he paying me the same rate as before.

I kept to this arrangement until Anna Mix and Mrs. Stedman found me so many private pupils that I could earn more than twice as much as I was receiving from the paper, without having to work so hard. Yet I had a sense of loss, without the letters from the poor Greeks, and without my nice proof-reader.

At the French Home, Aline wept bitterly. "What shall I do wiwthout you?" she wailed.

"You will keep on making pertty frocks, silly, and we shall see each other often."

Some months later, Aline moved from the Home, took rooms, and engaged another French girl to work for her. Her frocks were in great demand, and she was succeeding as she had never hoped to. She insisted on making my gowns, I only paying for the material, because I was her mascot.

The Cumstock School proved even better than I had anticipated. Although I was to speak only French with the girl, my English progressed marvelously. Miss Day gave more attention to my studies than she did to those of any of her pupils, because I was so eager to learn. She chose my books, and soon under her guidance I was reading Jane Austen and English history.

Besides the day pupils, the school had eighteen boarders, ranging in age from eighteen to twenty-six. One of these was a "parlor boarder," which meant that she only lived in the school. Her name was Mary Chaffee, and she was ten years older than I. Educated in a French school in New York, she spoke French fluently, and we naturally gravitated to each other. Before long we were close friends. She called me "daughter," and insisted on my calling her "mother". She showered me with gifts, and often took me to the theatre.

Her aunt was Mrs. Alfred Corning Clark, with whom we dined regularly once a week. Mrs. Clark always sent us back to the school accompanied by a messenger boy. As the school was on Fortieth Street, and Mrs. Clark lived on Twenty-First or Twenty-Second Street, we should have preferred to walk, but Mrs. Clark would not allow that. We had to take the Fifth Avenue bus, with the messenger boy keeping his eye on us. Usually they were big tough looking boys, who eyed us scornfully, as if to say, "Who would steal these dames?" but one night a tiny one arrived.

Before reaching the bus I suggested to Chaff that, it being such a lovely night, we should give the little fellow a quarter and tell him to go back to the office.

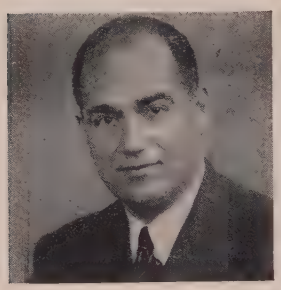
The undersized messenger boy pocketed the money; then anounced in a kind of English I had never encountered in Jane Austen: "I bin hired to see youse two goils don't get into no mischief. Now git onto de bus." After we reached the school, he admonished: "Now don't t'ink youse'll git out soon's Im gone, 'cause I'm goin" to stick around an' see youse don't."

Chaff used to dine out several times a week, and never failed to bring me candy or nuts from the dinner. She made many friends for me by talking about her "Greek daughter." Meanwhile the number of my private pupils increased, until money troubles vanished, and I was able to send a draft to my mother, a practice I continued for several years until she died.

Before the winter was over I could read any English book as easily as if it were Greek. I finished Jane Austen, and Miss Day started me on George Eliot. English history till now had been known to me only in a framentary way as it touched France in the past, and modern Greece—where the English had played various nefarious roles. Learning it now as a whole, I was able to realize the struggles through which the English had passed to achieve their nineteenth century pisition, and I conceived for them a great admiration and liking, even though I was vexed at the way they had dealt with the weaker nations.

One of my duties was to take some of the girls to church on Sunday morhings; and soon I exchanged all my other sabath day duties with the other teachers, to take the girls to church, both mornings and afternoons. The teachers thought I was a church-going fanatic, but I had discovered that listening to sermons trained my ear better than any

(Continued on Page 46)



New York

by

JOHN BELASCO

FASHIONABLE FIFTH AVENUE. — All these years I have been writing about New York society and bits of human interest. This time I will write about Fifth Avenue, a thoroughfare that is known up and down the wide wide world. For although for many years I am one of the millions who walk in or cross Fifth Avenue daily, never once had I given much attention to its beauty and treasures. This

LOOKING SOUTH FROM CENTRAL PARK

however I did during the holiday season, while a visitor who had come to shop, spoke of its lavish and smart display windows, the Christmas trees, and most of all the onrushing shopping crowds. All this gave me the idea to dedicate this column to the past and present history of this truly fashionable center of the Universe.

At the very early part of the last century what is now Fifth Avenue was slums and farms, for then New York proper was situated at the lower part of Manhattan. Fifth Avenue now splits this city into East and West, from 8th Street to Harlem River (135h St.).

During the past century this land became the property of wealthy pioneers and European aristocrats who built pretentious mansions, villas and private homes in the Colonial style of architecture. These families are the Astors, Belmonts, Rockefellers, Vanderbilts, Morgans, Wilcoxs, Hortons, Chandlers, Livingstones, Adamses, Bonds, Hydes, Jacobs, Carnegies, and many others. Among the outstanding clubs were the Lotos-Knickerbocker, the Arcadian, and the Manhattan. Notice how the word Arcadian was in vogue even in those days. No doubt the influence of Lord Byron who sang of Arcadia in Greece, had something to do with it.

At the turn of the century the magnificent old structures were replaced with modern buildings, and this was how the avenue came to become the world's most amazing fashionable and commercial center. Among the many colorful parades which march via the colorful avenue is the annual commemoration of Greek Independence Day. Tourists prefer to see the sights on top of a bus, whose starting point is Greenwich village home of artists and poets, then up through the huge Washington Arch which was erected in 1889. At 23rd St. we meet the stately Metropolitan Building with its attractive tower and large clock, and as we continue our leisurely exploratory jaunt, we see marvels unequalled anywhere. Now we know why this thoroughfare is the leader in styles and art. Between 33rd and 34th St. where once stood the lordly Waldorf Astoria now rises that majestic and fabulous Empire State Building. One hundred and two stories, and with the recent WPIX Television station antenna rising to 1472 feet. Housing 25 000 tenants, in an

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE MYTHICAL ATLAS—In Front of the International Buildi

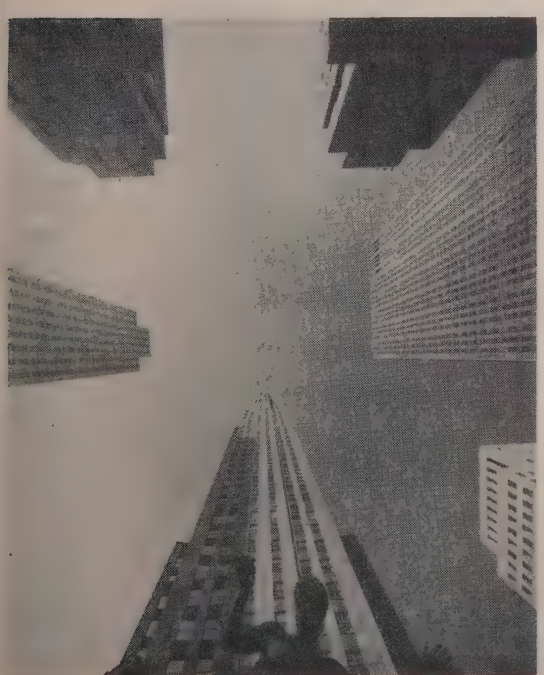
emergency it would shelter 80,000. From the top pedestrians look like busy ants hurrying in swarming crowds along the sidewalks.

A little further up we come to the Public Library in Bryant Park, famous the world over for its variety of rare books. Over ten thousand periodicals are to be found there, including of course, Athene.

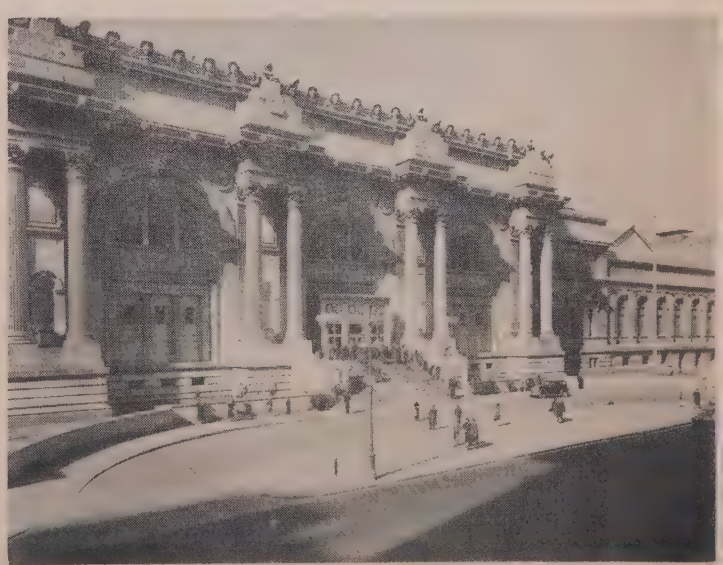
42nd Street and Fifth Avenue is the crossroads of the world. Dotted with skyscrapers on the left is fabulous Times Square, on the right Grand Central station. At 507 Fifth Ave., the well known Excellent Restaurant is owned by Greek-Americans hailing from Crete. Then we come to the world renowned Rockefeller Center which extends from 48th to 52nd Sts., a group of 15 buildings covering thirteen acres. It is the largest privately owned business and enteretainment center in the world. World's largest indoor theatre, the "Music Hall" is situated in RKO building. Seven million people attend yearly. NBC, largest broadcasting studio, is located in RCA building. The two huge metal statues facing Fifth Ave. are based on Greek myths. One is mythical Atlas carrying the world on his shoulders. The other is his brother Prometheus. Among the many stores which face Fifth Avenue is also the TWA information office which displays imported Greek items on its show windows, in reference to Homecoming Year.

Plaza Circle situated between 58th and 59th St. faces that arboreal paradise, Central Park. What makes Plaza Circle more outstanding is the aristocratic hotel apartments which surround the vicinity. Four world famous hotels which add beauty to the scene are: The Pierre, a very beautiful and second tallest hotel in New York. The Sherry Netherland has a top-notch continental touch. This hotel also serves as the Greek UNO headquarters. The Savoy-Plaza is cozy and has a charm of its own. The fourth is the Plaza, an all marble structure with an inviting luxurious atmosphere. For many years these distinguished hotels have been patronized by wealthy people of Greek origin, particularly shipowners, diplomats, etc. These hotels are constantly sought after for elite social gatherings. Service here is of the velvet touch. I have attended many Greek social gatherings here. Among the towering residential structures which line up facing Central Park one should mention the Essex House, The New York Athletic Club and the St. Moritz a popular continental hotel. There are many up to date Greek-owned businesses here, notably flower shops, restaurants, hotel apartments, beauty salons, delicatessen stores, liquor stores and furriers.

MAYOR VINCENT IMPELLITTERI OF NEW YORK LEADS GREEK INDEPENDENCE PARADE ON FIFTH AVENUE. PARADE CHAIRMAN NICK. VAGIONIS IS ON THE MAYOR'S LEFT AND HIS SON CONSTATINE ON THE RIGHT DRESSED IN FOUSTANELA. (Photo Courtesy Atlantis)



ROCKEFELLER CENTER—Statue of Prometheus



THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART IS ALSO ON FIFTH AVENUE

At 7t4h St. a little eastward lies the Greek Cathedral, which yearly attracts thousands of local and visiting Greeks. On the west side of the same in Central Park in one of the lakes the boat house is Greek-owned, likewise the one at 110th St. These recreation centers have some 500 row boats. Turning east at 10 East 79th St., we come to the Greek Archdiocese, seat of the Greek Orthodox Church in North and South America.

Finally, there are many art galleries and museums to be found on Fifth Avenue, but the most famous and one of the world's largest is the Metropolitan Museum of Art, located between 80th and 85th St. on Fifth Avenue and which houses some of the most fabulous art collections in the world.

EMPIRE STATE BUILDING

Here one may see Greek originals and copies of all periods, and in its permanent galleries for paintings works of the great Greek artist El Greco (Domenikos Theotokopoulos) are to be seen. At the shopping counter of the museum I saw a deluxe edition of El Greco's works for only $10.00 which is a masterpiece and should make an ideal gift for anyone.

There are several Greek families who make their home on Fifth Avenue, such as the Stephen Stephanides residence on 1040 Fifth Avnue, whose name was recently in the society pages of the newspapers on the occasion of the marriage of their lovely daughter Elizabeth to George J. Gavas, Greek consul in New York.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL ON NEW YORK'S FIFTH AVENUE

FULL VIEW OF ROCKEFELLER CENTER

THESSALY

The history of Thessaly goes back to remote antiquity. Its present population is about 300,000. Greece's largest valleys and tallest monutains are to be found within its borders. It produces more wheat, apples and food supplies than any other district in Greece. Thessaly forms an irregular square of about sixty miles in each direction. In the Heroic age Phthiotis was the legendary birthplace of Greek navigation and the Argonauts. Achilles was a native of this land and according to Thucydides, Thessaly is the cradle of Hellenes. Asklepios, God of Medicine was born in the Peneus Valley in Thessaly, according to Homer.

Olympus, highest mountain in Greece is in Thessaly. The Gods resided there, hence the name Olympians.

Larissa, capital of Thessaly, has a population of about 25,000. It is a historic city, and an important strategic center to the Greek nation.

Trikkala, third largest town, is located 38 miles west of Larissa, with a population of 23,000. It is a center of trade in wheat, maize, tobacco and cocoons. In ancient times it was a seat in the worship pof Asklepios.

Volos, one of the country's vital seaports, has a population of 50,000 and train connections with Athens and Salonica. The Kastro (Citadel) marks the site of Pagasae. It was here that the Argonauts sailed forth in their quest for the golden fleece. Its climate is considered to be the best in Greece. It produces first line athletes.

Thessalians in New York

From this beautiful district, two thousand Thessalians have come to New York through the years. I have met many of them, and I can attest that they are industrious, have character, patriotism and business acumen. They own a lot of businesses here, and they support our public institutions and churches.

EVANGELOS HARDALOUPAS—President Hellenic Trust Bank

Most prominent among them is Evangelos Hardaloupas. This dynamic Thessalian was born in **Sourpi Volos** and was in the banking business in Athens even before arriving here. In 1930, when the Hellenic Bank Trust was established, Mr. Hardaloupas was given a high position in the staff. In 1936 he was elected and still is the president of this bank which is located at 139 Williams St., New York. During all these years he has been active in community and civic matters. He has been one of the leading officers of the Greek War Relief Associations; is active in the Archdiosese, the New York Greek Cathedral of which he is trustee and has served as president for three terms.

CHRIST BASTIS

Christ Bastis, another proud New York Thessalian, was born at Trikkala but was raised in Volos. He first came to the United States in 1922 and twelve years later he entered the restaurant business. Today he owns two of New York's finest sea food restaurants, the "Seafare" at 41 West 8th Street and his other establishment has the unique distinction

of having no sign outside. It is located at an exclusive section of Sutton Place, at First Avenue and 57th Street, has a seagoing atmosphere, and is being patronized by discriminating eaters who gather from far and wide. When the magazine "Holiday" held a contest on various best business establishments, Mr. Bastis' "Seafare" was one of the five winners. Mr. Bastis has also an interest in the Liberty ship "S. S. Seafare". Besides being the proud father of a charming daughter, Mr. Bastis has been identified with many worthwhile philanthropic and patriotic causes.

Another prominent Thessalian name is that of the Kontos Brothers. There were four of them, John, Nick, Thomas and Cleomenis. Sons of Mr. and Mrs. K. Kotoulis, they hail from **Tyrnavo, Volou.** John, a physician, died in Greece some years ago. Forty years ago they established the firm "Kontos Bros. Inc." wholesale grocers, now being operated by Thomas and Nick. Cleomenis, who left for Greece some years back has returned again with his family after the war. The Kontos clan is prominent in philanthropic work. Are a credit to our community and both Thomas and Nick are officers and trustees of the Greek Cathedral.

STATHIS TH. GEORGES

Stathis Th. Georges, prominent in the shoe field world, was born at Kanalia Volos, reached these shores in 1905, looking for opportunities. Today he is the president of a chain of shoe stores, "The Indian Walk Shoe Stores" eighteen of them. They are located in New York, Brooklyn, Mt. Vernon, Jamaica, White Plains, Hemstead, L. I., Orange, N. J., and Newark. Mr. Georges is community-minded. Served as president of the Greek Cathedral three times, and he is highly respected here. His son Theodore is a graduat of Colgate University.

Arthur (Athanasios) Stephos, another well known and well respected Thessalian was born at Almyro Volos. For many years he has been connected with the executive office of the Equitable Life Insurance Society. He is a Harvard graduate, one of the founders of the Hellenic professional men's club of which he has been president many times.

This write-up could not be complete without presenting to our readers the ever smiling, capable and popular **George Judges,** a native of Aghia, Larissa. His real patronymic is Stergios Georgiou Tziotzios. Ever since arriving to America in 1909 Mr. Judges has been associated with the hotel business,

MAYOR IMPELLITTERI GREETING GEORGE JUDGES DURING GREEK INDEPENDENCE CELEBRATION AT ST. MORITZ

having served as staff member with such hotels as the Roosevelt, Barkley, Waldorf Astoria, and now among the managing staff of the St. Moritz Hotel. Besides speaking several languages he also has writing ability. Some of his work has been published in the Hotel Gazette. This young looking gentleman has a delightful and most sincere approach. He is the proud father of two daughters and three grandchildren all of whom seem to make him very happy.

Another worthy pioneer herebouts is **George Zografos,** who was born at Argakiasti Volos. He is the wine steward at the famous De Las Pais Cafe in St. Moritz Hotel. This gorgeous old man possesses a great heart as F.B.I. chief J. Edgar Hoover can verify. If Mr. Hoover likes Greek things and loves Greek dishes credit goes to this grand old man. George Zografos Jr., his son, is with the F.B.I. at present, stationed somehere in the South.

There are quite a number of Thessalian societies in the United States, but the oldest is the "Aesculapian" which was established here in 1913. Mr. Michael Nibis is President.

—JOHN BELASCO

PAN-ARCADIAN FEDERATION SCORES AGAIN BY LEASING TRIPOLIS HOSPITAL TO GREEK GOVERNMENT

American Greeks are fairly acquainted with the patriotic and philanthropic activities of the Pan-Arcadian Federation and its 140 chapters.

One of its greatest achievements, naturally enough, is the 250-Bed Pan-Arcadian Hospital at Tripolis, Greece, which with its school of nursing and other facilities is without doubt the most impressive structure of its kind in the Near East.

This magnificent home of mercy was leased to the Greek government for 25 years for the sum of One Dollar. Thus the hospital will serve the gallant Greek army. Seventy of the beds will be set aside for the use of the heroic civilian population. The

SPYROS KATSANTONIS, Supreme Secretary of the Pan-Arcadian Federation signing the documents for the leasing of tne Hospital, at the Greek Embassy, Washington, D. C. In the photo are: (L to R) Wm. Vasilopoulos, Supreme President; K. Economus, Past Supreme President; Pierre Demets of Chicago; Spyros Katsantonis; Arthur H. Peponis, Past Supreme President; the Hon. Athanase Politis, Greek Ambassador; Hon. Licouris Ambassador; K. Christopher and D. Tsintolas, Washington, D. C.

Nursing School will function both for the military and for civilian nurses. Patients who pay will be allowed to be serviced by their own physicians.

The entire agreement was entered into under the most amicable conditions and it is the sincere belief of all concerned that the hospital will render great service to the armed forces of Greece and to the civilian population of Arcadia and the entire Peloponnesus.

The completed hospital building was dedicated last year on the occasion of the Pan-Arcadian excursion under the leadership of Arthur H. Peponis then supreme president. The ceremonies were attended by high dignitaries including the governor of Arcadia the Hon. Paravantes, the governor of Argolis the Hon. Skokos, the mayor of Tripolis Mr. Mantzoropoulos and others. While in Greece Mr. Peponis was received by King Paul and Queen Fredericka to whom he presented a check for $2,500 for the Greek orphans, which money was collected by the chapters or donated by various individuals.

A list of the donors follows a little further down. In the meantime Mr. Aristotle Collias, governor of the 3rd District, who leads the Pan-Arcadian excursion this year will present to the proper authorities a check for $1,394.00 for the orphans of Arcadia. This money too was collected by the chapters and from individuals and we print herewith the complete list of donors of both funds:

FOR THE ORPHANS OF ARCADIA

Chapters:

Skopi Chapter No. 85, Oakland, Cal. $55.00 — Alexander Papanastasiou No. 55, Chicago, Ill., $50.00 — Neda Niki Chapter No. 14, Boston, Mass., $50.00 — Moreas Chapter No. 14, Chicago, Ill., $25.00 — Atlanti Chapter No. 3, Chicago, Ill., $25.00 — Aphrodite Chapter No. 22, Chicago, Ill., $25.00 — Plapoutas Chapter No. 35, San Francisco, Cal., $32.00 — Panos Kolokotronis Chapter No. 60, Buffalo, N. Y., $25.00 — Alphios Chapter No. 37, Brockton, Mass., $25.00 — Peloponnesos Chapter No. 56, Portland, Oregon, $25.00 — Gregorios E. Chapter No. 6, Detroit, Mich., $25.00 — Kletor Chapter No. 87, St. Louis, Mo., $25.00 — Androniki Chapter No. 6, Detroit, Mich., $20.00 — Kakoureon Society No. 23, Chicago, Ill., $10.00 — Paleopyrgioton Society No. 108, Chicago, Ill., $10.00 — Gortynia Chapter No. 21, Canton, Ohio, $10.00.

Individuals:

CHICAGO— Arthur H. Peponis $500.00; Ernest Ladas, $25.00; Arnold L. Johnson, $25.00; National Cleaners, $25.00; Paul Panagakos, $15.00; Tailor's Voice, $10.00; George Sanders, $10.00; John C. Peponis, $10.00; Almore Dye House, $10.00; Al Fisher, $10.00; Charles A. Jackson, $5.00; Gust & Sotir Contos, $5.00; Tony's Auto Shop, $5.00; Bunge Bros. Coal Co., $5.00; Steve Notes, $5.00; James Kostoff, $5.00; Max Levine, $5.00; Ogden Oil Co., $5.00; Vernon L. Brown, $5.00; La Salle Plaza Service, $5.00; Stone Chemical Co., $5.00; South Town Flower Shop, $5.00; Timely Events, $5.00; Peter Xinos, $5.00; Gus and Jean Apostolopoulos, $5.00; Forest View Cleaners, $5.00; Careful Cleaners, $5.00; J. E. Fitpold, $5.00; Harry Jacobs, $5.00; Sam Pachiaris, $10.00; Emanuel Nickolaou, $$5.00; Georgia Plamas, $5.00; Mrs. James Dallas, $5.00; Fotis Petmezas, $5.00; Peter Karnavezos, $5.00; Paul Katsulis, $5.00; John Konstantaras, $2.00; Soter Georman, $5.00; Samuel Chevlin Co., $5.00; Oriole Cleaners, $5.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—John Kalimeris, $15.00; Peter K. Theodore, $5.00; Christ Apostolopoulos, $5.00; P. Tripolitis, $5.00; T. Alexander, $5.00. NEW YORK CITY—Mrs. Peter Parkas, $25.00; Alexander Sioris, $10.00 — LOS ANGELES: George N. Strike, $25.00 — DENVER: James Stathopoulos, $10.00 — BUFFALO, N. Y.: Gust Kanellos, $10.00 — PORTLAND, OREGON: John Praggastis, $5.00 — FITCHBURG, MASS.: Demetrius Rigopoulos, $5.00 — CARLISLE, PA.: Harry Teris, $5.00 — SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.: Kostas Kutukas, $5.00; Demetrius Manos, $5.00 — AURORA, ILL.: Harry Kuvavas, $10.00; Nick Bournazos, $5.00; Tom Bouzes, $5.00 — ECHO CITY, UTAH: Michael Tsouktaos, $5.00.

QUEEN FREDERICKA'S FUND

List of names of Donors and amount contributed by each to the Pan-Arcadian Federation Special Fund Drive for the Queen Fredericka Soldiers' Sweater Fund:

Chapters:

SALT LAKE CITY, T. Kolokotronis Chapter No. 90, $500.00 — SALT LAKE CITY, Arcadia Chapter No. 38, $200.00 — KANSAS CITY, MO.,—Tropea Chapter No. 24, $75.00 — BOSTON, MASS., Neda Niki Chapter No. 14, $50.00 — CHICAGO, ILL., A. Papanastasiou No. 55, $50.00; WASHINGTON, D. C., Archea Lycosoura No. 61, $50.00 — ST. LOUIS, MO., Kipseli No. 36, $50.00 — CHICAGO, ILL., Atalanti No. 3, Moreas No. 14, $25.00 — DETROIT, MICH., Gregorios E. No. 6, $25.00 — BUFFALO, N. Y., P. Kolokotronis No. 60, $25.00 — BOCKTON, MASS., Alphios No. 37, $25.00 — PORTLAND, OREGON, Peloponessos No. 56, $25.00 — CHICAGO, ILL., Megalopoliton No. 19, $20.00 — CHICAGO, ILL., Kakoureon No. 23, Palepyrgioton No. 108, $10.00 — CANTON, OHIO, Gortynia No. 21, $10.00.

(Continued on Page 37)

Greek-American Colonies Churches, and Schools in the United States

By THEODORE N. CONSTANT of the Chicago Bar

(Continued from the preceding issue)

CHICAGO. — It is believed that there were Greeks in Chicago since the early forties of the 19th century who had come from New Orleans through the Mississippi and Chicago rivers. They stayed in the city and dealt in furs and fruit. It is also known that many Greeks came to Chicago after the great Chicago fire in 1871 (1) who worked in the rebuilding of the city. There were also a few Greeks in Chicago in 1872 engaged in sail boats and other small occupations. The frist Greek woman is said to have come to Chicago in 1885.

Those few Greeks who were in Chicago together with some Slavs of the same religious faith organized a Slavo-Hellenic union for the purpose of maintaining a Greek Orthodox church in Chicago. Consequently, they leased a small hall for that purpose and retained a Greek-speaking Serbian or Russian priest. But these divergent national elements soon became divided by dissension and the Greek group formed its own organization, the "Lycourgos" society. Rev. Kallinikos Kanellas, who had come to San Francisco from Calcutta, was retained to visit Chicago occasionally for the purpose of conducting church services. (2)

The Chicago colony, however, did not become sufficiently populous to maintain a permanent church until 1892 when a petition was submitted to the Holy Synod of Greece for a permanent priest. It is estimated that there were about five hundred Greeks in Chicago then. The Rev. P. Fiambolis, the first English-speaking Greek priest in this country, was then transferred from Romania to Chicago where he arrived on March 25, 1892 and conducted services in an improvised church on a Randolph street hall. Almost all of the members of the Chicago colony had come from Laconia and they were, with a few exceptions, engaged in street peddling of candies and fruit.

In 1893 the World's Fair, known as the Columbian Exposition, was held in Chicago which attracted many Greeks. During the exposition an ecclesiastical convention was held in Chicago in which the Greek Orthodox Church was officially invited to participate being represented by the Rt. Rev. D. Latas, Archbishop of Zante. Both the archbishop and Rev. Fiambolis spoke in the convention in the English language. The then Metropolitan of Athens had on that occasion sent to the convention a written report about the Greek Orthodox Church which was read in translation. Many of the Greeks who visited the fair stayed in the city and the small Chicago Greek colony grew more than twice its former size. Around in 1895 their number was well over two thousand.

During the first few years of its exsitence the Greek colony of Chicago proceeded in comparative quietness. In 1897 a new priest arrived from Greece. The new church, the "Holy Trinity", was then purchased on South Johnson (now Peoria) street. In the meantime, Rev. P. Fiambolis resigned.

The growth of the colony was very rapid and the founding of more parishes and churches became necessary. Consequently, two new churches were acquired, the "St. Constantine" on the south side and the "Annnunciation" on the near north side, and, as time went on, seven or eight more were purchased or built. They are thriving at the present time, and two or three parishes are in the process of building new church edifices and schools, each of which may well reach or exceed a million dollars. The Assumption Church which was built about ten years ago is reputed to be the most populous and most thriving Greek-American parish in the United States.

Each of the churches in question also maintains a Sunday School which is well attended by each parish. In late years the operation of Sunday schools has been systematized to the credit of our church leaders and priests.

There are afternoon schools in those churches which do not maintain full-time schools which function very efficiently. There are also three full-time parochial schools, the oldest of which is the "Socrates", and which has operated since 1909.

The Chicago colony is only second to that of Metropolitan New York in population. It is a thriving business colony and very typical in Greek-American characteristics.

The members of the Chicago Greek colony had the good fortune to have access to the services of the world-famous social settlement, the **Hull-House**, founded by Jane Addams and very conveniently located on Halsted Street and Polk Street, a neighborhood where the early Greek colony was mostly concentrated. There the early Chicago Greeks found not only sympathy, but also succour and guidance. The immortal Jane Addams was their best friend. When she died the Greek colony in Chicago went into mourning as if she were a prominent member of their own kind. Many and varied are the services rendered by the famed institution. The annual reports of the "League for the Protection of Immigrants" from 1909 to 1917 are full of illustrations, such as locating Greek immigrant girls, helping Greek immigrants to find employment, assisting them in the courts, and rendering to them all kinds of needed help.

Classes in Americanization were conducted, young Greek immigrants were urged and helped to form dramatic clubs and present plays, and organize into athletic groups. (3)

Another similar institution which was accessible to the Greek immigrants of the Milwaukee and Grand Avenue district was the **Chicago Commons** founded by the late Dr. Graham Taylor and operated to the present day by his own daughter.

LOWELL, MASS. — We have seen in a previous treatise how fifty Greek workers went to Lowell from Boston in search of employment around 1890. They were the first Greeks to set foot in Lowell. No sooner they found employment than they brought there their friends from oher cities or their relatives from the old country. A few Greeks who were then engaged in street peddling in other cities, being distressed by the economic crisis of 1893, were very anxious to find employment in the Lowell textile mills. Thus about 200 Greeks gathered in Lowell around that time. M. Iatrou, who later became vice-consul of Greece in Lowell, organized a society looking towards the establishment of a church. Rev. Kallinikos Dilbeys was invited from New York to conduct church services. The priest visited Lowell a few times for that purpose and then resigned his New York position and went to Lowell. But he remained there only for a few months. The parish was dissolved but was later reorganized under another priest. (4)

During the early years of the Greek colony of Lowell, the few hundreds of Greek workers who found employment in the textile factories of the city were discriminated against and attacked many times by rival workers or racial groups ten years later as we have written in detail in a previous treatise in ATHENE. Despite difficulties, the Greek colony of Lowell grew in size and by 1897 its population numbered about One Thousand persons. By that time the "Market Street" district was profusely sprinkled with Greek shops. This district is to this day the "Greek Town" in Lowell.

The growth of the colony kept pace with the general industrial expansion. Thousands of Greeks gathered in the city, and, in 1904, they undertook the erection of what was then considered, "the finest Greek church in America". This church was finished in 1908 at the cost of Eighty Thousand Dollars. The Byzantine architectural beauty of the church attracted very wide and favorable attention. Its interior was arranged to accommodate afternoon school classes. It was named the "Holy Trinity".

The size of this colony, like that of any colony in the industrial centers of the country at that time, always depended on available employment. It was estimated that up to 1920 the population of the Lowell Greek colony ranged between 10,000 and 15,000 persons. It was the largest Greek colony in New England during that decade of industrial prosperity. After the industrial decline of that part of the country beginning in 1921, a large portion of the Greek colony removed to other parts of the country in search of employment or business opportunities. The last depression caused the colony to dwindle to a few thousands of persons.

This colony maintained afternoon Greek schools and at times full-time parochial schools.

It was with pleasure that we recently read in the papers that the city council of Lowell appointed Attorney Eliades as mayor of the city, the first Greek to hold such a high municipal office in any city of this country.

BOSTON, MASS. — The Greek colony of Boston was founded shortly before 1900, as the fifth one in point of time. It became noted for having among its members such illustrious personages as Sophocles, Anagnos, and Phoutrides. The first Greek church in Boston was that of the "Annunciation", which was founded in 1899 with Rev. P. Fiamboulis as pastor. Among those who took the initiative for its establishment were Michael Anagnos, I. Rodokanakis, I. Parmenides and A. Gounaris. The first two were declared by the parish as "great benefactors". In 1907 a new church was erected. Another church, the "St. John the Divine" was established in 1925. Another church edifice, the "Evangelismos" was erected around the same time near the Boston Museum of Fine Arts which more fully fulfilled fhe purposes of a church and community center.

The Boston colony stores with Greek trade were mostly around Kneeland and Washington streets before 1925. After that year Kneeland street was widened and most of the stores moved to Broadway. The "market district" is replete with Greek-owned business places, most of them being in wholesale fruit and vegetable trade.

Boston has been renowned for its intellectual atmosphere which attracted many Greek intellectuals either as students or teachers in the numerous universities and colleges of the city and district. Some of the most noted ones were Professor Sophocles for 41 years professor a Harvard; Michael Anagnos, head of the famous Perkins Institute for the Blind; Professor Phoutrides of Harvard; Professor Demos of Harvard; and many others. The first student's society of Greek students, the "Helicon", was founded in Boston during Phoutrides' time, which has served to this day as a sort of university club, its members being not only students but also professional men of Greek descent.

OTHER GREEK COLONIES. — The rest of the Greek colonies in the United States followed the example set by the earlier ones. Colonies were formed and churches were founded in San Francisco, Newark, Milwaukee, Birmingham, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. Between 1905 and 1910 we find the following new Greek colonies: Washington, D. C.; Atlanta, Ga.; Providence, R. I.; Lynn, Mass.! Pueblo, Colo.! Salt Lake City, Utah; Ipswich, Mass.; Springfield, Mass.; Manchester, N. H.; Savannah, Ga.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Portland, Oregon; Kansas; Omaha, Nebr.! Denver, Colo.! Memphis, Tenn.; Charleston, N. C.; Cheboygan, Wis.; Detroit, Mich.; Tarpon Springs, Fla.; Cincinnati, O.; Los Angeles, Cal.! Buffalo, N. Y.; Norwich, Conn.; Stamford, Conn.! Moline, Ill.; MicGill, Nebr.

The rest of the Greek colonies sprang up between 1910 and 1921 most of which are found in cities and industrial and commercial centers. After 1921 when immigration was restricted, very few, if any, new Greek colonies were formed. But more churches and schools were established as the children of the Greek immigrants multiplied and the financial position of the colonies improved.

It is estimated by the Greek Church in the country that there are about three hundred organized

(Continued on Page 50)

FLORIDA and the Greek Touch

(LETTER FROM "ATHENE" STAFF MEMBER)

By J. C. LAMPOS

Dear Boss:

Have you ever dreamed of a little white house under the palm trees, with the bright, warm sun always shining and a cool breeze always blowing in from the blue ocean—ideal spot for winter and newlyweds? Well, this is exactly what Louise and I have, and from these Attic-like headquarters we reach out periodically in quest of Greek touches.

The first guest we had in our own place was Constantine Antones, who used to warm his toes at the "ATHENE" office there. He liked our chicken dinner so well, though it was the first Louise had ever cooked, that he invited us to the free outdoor concert at Bayfront Park. It was a thrill to listen to beautiful music in shirt-sleeves under the stars in mid-winter. When the big full moon reached overhead, the scheduled program was interrupted and the band played "Moon Over Miami".

As the University of Miami is the greatest educational institution in this locality and the fastest growing sea of learning in the entire United States, expanding from a few hundred students before World War II to an amazing current enrollment of 13,000, we arranged for an interview with its president, Dr. Bowman Foster Ashe. He is a busy man, of course, and was just recovering from being a victim of the virus epidemic prevailing here, but he gave us half an hour of intimate, fascinating interchanges on Greek culture. In fact, he was so carried away that he failed to notice the red light blinking indignantly on his desk.

"You have an expensive magazine," he said, thumbing through a copy of "ATHENE". To my question regarding the status of Greek studies at the University of Miami, Dr. Ashe replied: "We teach Greek, but not much. It is not like when I was going to college 40 years ago. The Greek and Latin classes were the largest classes then. We teach Greek and Latin literature in translations, but of course the students do not get as much out of that as they would if they knew the languages. I see you are a scholar."

"No, I am not a scholar," I replied. "I write reviews of Classical books, but I believe they should be read and enjoyed rather than studied. The Greek language may be dead, but Greek culture is very much alive today. I think it is as much fun to read Herodotus as to read a comic book. He is so full of human interest."

Dr. Ashe chuckled.

"Speaking of Herodotus," he said, "I went to Europe 23 years ago, going to Granada, Italy, Greece, Palestine, and Egypt. I went back in historical time in each country. In Egypt I remembeerd Herodotus' comment that the flooding of the Nile could not be caused by the melting of snow in the South because the farther south you went the hotter it would get. It was so terrifically hot when I was there that it would be easy to believe him."

Dr. Ashe went on to tell us of another amusing incident of his travels. In an Egyptian temple he saw an inscription in Greek, and he asked the guide what it meant.

"Oh, those Greek tourists did that!" the guide exclaimed, indignantly.

"Why don't you stop them?" Dr. Ashe urged him.

"But that was done by Greek tourists 2,000 years ago!" the guide countered.

Dr. Ashe said that there are students from 24 foreign nations attending the University of Miami, and among them are a number from Greece. He suggested that we visit Professor A. C. Andrews, who teaches most of the Greek courses.

A few days later we drove to the campus in Coral Gables, but the Greek classroom must be an

MR. AND MRS. C. J. LAMPOS IN FLORIDA

obscure proposition because it took us half an afternoon to find it. Professor Andrews wasn't there.

One afternoon we were driving through a northwest section of Miami, and a restaurant with a huge APOLLO sign caught my eye. We were hungry and we wanted to show "ATHENE" to its proprietor, and so Louise pulled into its parking area. A nattily-dressed carhop stared at us without rising from her bench. She was very dark-skinned,

(Continued on Page 51)

John Marcellos

John Marcellos is without doubt one of the few exceptional artists who have come from Europe. His Hellenic background and cosmopolitan aspects have fused a personality which according to those who know has enthralled concert audiences in Europe and in America.

Marcellos is a basso, possesses a storehouse of musical knowledge which he uses to advantage, and it is not without reason that he has been compared often to Chaliapin. On this score we can do no better than let the critics speak:

. . . Marcellos has a magnificent voice of unusual depth control and resonance . . . **Los Angeles Times**—Isabel Morse Jones

. . . Mr. Marcellos, tall and slender, reminds one forcibly of the late Chaliapin. This newcomer is a singer well versed in the art of declamation . .. Mr. Marcellos qualities are paramount in operatic arias that permit him to dramatize the message in his own fashion with a tone now stentorian and other moments of the most unbelievable smoothness and beauty . . . The timbre of the voice is agreeable and rich . . . **Chicago Herald-American** Herman Devries

. . . Songs and arias of his program were projected with admirable sensitivity . . . **Chicago Tribune**

. . . Marcellos possesses an exceptional voice and uses it with all those inflections of timbre including a mezzo voce which would be the pride of any tenor . . . Marcellos suggested all the refinement of the artist as well as that outrolling tone which has not been heard in a basso for years.
Los Angeles Evening Herald-Express—Carl Bronson

. . . John Marcellos disclosed a voice of good quality and ample volume in a first appearance in Carnegie Hall in New York . . . **New York Sun**

. . . It was singing possessed of the fragrance and power that genius alone can impart.
Albuquerque Journal—Luigi Varani

. . . Mr. Marcellos' voice is a singularly beautiful one quite as rich in color as Ezio Pinza's, but also having the basis of a good legato and the type of feathery overtone which suggests Chaliapin . . . Marcellos has a remarkable use of the half voice . . .
Chicago Daily News—Eugene Stinton

PAN-ARCADIAN TRIPOLIS HOSPITAL

(Continued from Page 33)

Individuals:

CHICAGO, ILL., Arthur H. Peponis, $500.00 — DENVER, COLO., James Stathopoulos, $110.00 — BUFFALO, N. Y., Gus Kanellos, $10.00 — CHICAGO, ILL., Fred Karalis, National Cleaners Chemical Mfg. Co., $25.00 — CHICAGO, ILL., Paul Panagakos, Tailor's Voice, Almore Dye House, Sam Pachiaris, Peter Kyriakoules, $15.00 — SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Megas Families, $15.00 — AURORA, ILL., Harry Kuvavas, $10.00 — CHICAGO, ILL., South Town Flower Shop, Carl Stockholm, Aristotle N. Collias, James Athanasopoulos, $10.00 — CHICAGO, ILL., Chas. A. Jackson, Gus & Sotir Contos, Tony's Auto Shop, Bunge Bros. Coal Co., Steve Notes, James Kostoff, Ogden Oil Co., La Salle Plaza Service, Stone Chemical Co., W. F. Streit, Peter Xinos, Gus & Jean Apostolopoulos, Forest View Cleaners, Careful Cleaners, J. E. Fitpold, Harry Jacobs, Soter Georman, Fotis Petmezas, Mrs. James Dallas, Samuel Chevlin Co., Samuel McCray, Society Cleaners, Peter Karnavezos, Percy Randolph, Oriole Cleaners, $5.00 — MELROSE PARK, ILL., Paul Katsulis, $5.00 — AURORA, ILL., Harry Kuvakas, $10.00.
AURORA, ILL., Sam Bezos, Nick Bournazos, $5.00 — PORTLAND, ORE., John D. Praggastis, $5.00 — DANVILLE, ILL., Paras Bros., $5.00 — OAK PARK, ILL., Collias Bros., $5.00 — BINGHAM, UTAH, Tom Praggastis, $5.00 — NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., Phillip Buzunis, Gust Parhas, Nick Geanos, $5.00 — ECHO CITY, UTAH, Michael Tsoukatos, $5.00 — SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., Kostas Kutulas, V. Papaconstantinou, D. J. Manus, $5.00 — LONG BEACH, CALIF., Gus Kanakaris, $5.00 — ST. LOUIS, MO., Peter K. Theodore, $5.00 — BTAUMONT, CALIF., James Athas, $5.00 — FITCHBURG, MASS., Demetrius D. Rigopoulos, $5.00 — CARLISLE, PA., Harry Teris, $5.00 — McMAHON, SASK, CANADA, Christ Buzunis, $5.00 — VRESTHENA, SPARTA, Tom Bouzes, $5.00 — BROOKINGS, S. D., Brookings Cafe, $5.00 — John Konstantaras, $3.00.

The Queen's Fund then is $2,223.00. To this should be added the $2,000.00 which Mr. Peponis, as representative of the Independence Day of Greece Committee of Chicago, presented to the Queen. This sum was realized from collections during the Independence Day Celebration in Chicago. So that makes a total of $4,223.00 that Mr. Peponis gave to the Queen on behalf of the above donors.

In addition to the above, $710.00 worth of school supplies, mostly pencils, were dispatched to school in various Arcadian communities.

In addition a check for $300.00 was given to Mr. Peter Xinos, on behalf of the Levidioton Society to be distributed in the town of Levidion, when he visits this town. Mr. Xinos is from Levidion and has joined this year's Pan-Arcadian Excursion to Greece. This $300.00 was collected as follows:

Personal donation by Mr. Arthur H. Peponis, $125.00; A. Papanastasiou Chapter No. 55, Chicago, Ill., $50.00 — Megas Family, Springfield, Ill., $15.00 — Paras Bros., Danville, Ill., $10.00 — James Stamatis, Oklahoma City, $10.00 — Ch. Papasotiriou, Salt Lake City, $10.00 — Ch. Demos, Chicago, Ill., $10.00 — Con. N. Chiolis, Chicago, Ill., $10.00.

The following donated $5.00 each: Bill Karas, Aurora, Ill.; Gus Kakonis, Brookins, S. D.; Tom Praggastis, Bingham, Utah; James Athas, Beaumont, Calif.; Nick Giannakopoulos, New York; Gus Kanakaris, Long Beach, Calif.; Sam. Chevlin, Chicago; C. Buzunis, McMahon, Sask. Canada; Society Cleaners, Chicago; B. Papaconstantinos, San Francisco, Calif.; Gus Parhas, New York and P. H. Buzunis, New York.

National Ahepa-Sons Basketball Tournament Great Success

Scores of splendid athletes, the best teams that the Order of Ahepa and the Sons of Pericles could muster, congregated in Chicago in mid-April for the Annual 1951 National Ahepa-Sons Basketball Tournament, at the Cicero Stadium.

The meet was one of the most memorable ever held by Hellenes, due of course to the work done

VAN A. NOMIKOS
National Ahepa Honorary Athletic Director and Founder

by the sponsoring chapter, Woodlawn Chapter No. 93. Woodlawn indeed was lucky to secure as chairman of the Tournament one of the most capable and aggressive of Greek-Americans, Mr. Anthony Papageorgiou, the well known Chicago Ahepa and Community leader. And with a tournament committee made up of athletically minded Ahepans, including George Dimit, co-chairman; Connie Katselas, secretary; Evans A. Papageorgiou, treasurer; John Mustis, Gus Gankas, Nick Ernest, Mike Nicholaou, George Anast, Gus Spirakes, and John Katsaros, the meet could not but be a great success. For as Van A. Nomikos, National Ahepa Honorary Athletic Director and Founder said: "This Tournament is evidence of the splendid harvest Ahepa is reaping through the many athletic events sponsored by its Athletic Department.

In a similar vein spoke Peter D. Clentzos, National Director of Athletics.

The Ypsilanti Sons of Pericles team have been the national Ahepa Champions for four years, they still are. This team is made up of a number of splendid players, a really great team. Naturally there are other good teams, such as the Oak Park, Ill., the Gary, Ind., etc. One must not forget the Maids too. They put up some good teams.

In addition to the general chairman, Mr. Anthony Papageorgiou, special mention should be made of Constantine Kotselas, who as secretary, shouldered much of the heavy work. And then one must not forget the Ladies' Committees, the Officers and Governors of Woodlawn, Duke Gangas especially, also the Media Chapter of the Daughters and the Delphi Chapter of the Maids, for a job well done.

There were trophies too, and the championship team award sport jackets were given by Thomas Zaglifa.

ANTHONY E. PAPAGEORGIOU
General Chairman of the Tournament

Ypsilanti Sons of Pericles Chapter No. 22 Champions of 1946-47-48-50 and 1951.

American Museum of Natural History Sponsors Greek Program

NEW YORK. — The dances and songs of all-time Greece were presented on March 30, 1951 at the world famous American Museum of Natural History. The program was arranged by Hazel Lockwood Muller and included among the participants the internationally known dancing team Lida Alma and Yianni Fleury, the Athenian singer Sonia Cortis, whose

SONIA CORTIS

rendition from modern Greek composers was outstanding, and many others. Included in the program also were, Pictures from the Life of Ancient Greece, Byzantine Icons, Folk Dancing groups exhibiting the Kalamatianos, Tsomiko and Cretan dances. The entire presentation was executed with spirit. Both the dancing team and Miss Cortis enthralled their audience.

Again as in the past, the 3rd Annual Grand Ball and Entertainment of the Metropolitan Retail Florists' Association was a great success.

Mr. Charles Pappas, chairman of the Entertainment Committee and his associates on the committee deserve congratulations for the selected program, the flower decorations that beautified the magnificent Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf Astoria.

ALMA AND FLEURY APPEARED IN BOTH THE MUSEUM FETE AND THE FLORISTS' BALL

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Chicago Loop Gets Grecian Terrace

The Chicago Loop now boasts of a restaurant where genuine Greek food is served, namely the Grecian Terrace, 55 West Washington St.

Opened by Nick Lazos, an acknowledged restaurant leader, the Grecian Terrace has two advantages. One is that it is a very beautiful place, done in an archaic-modernistic fashion, and the other is that Mr. Lazos is not only a resourceful restaurant

VIEW OF GRECIAN TERRACE, WITH MR. LAZOS, ITS OWNER

man but was a chef in Greece before he got into the restaurant business here. In other words he has a first hand knowledge of the Greek cuisine, and is therefore the proper person to own such an exotic and beautiful eating palace as the Grecian Terrace.

Out of town visitors will find the Grecian Terrace a most inviting rendezvous conveniently located in the Chicago Loop. There are some very beautiful murals in this outstanding place, depicting scenes from Greek mythology.

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S. J. Gregory

Community Honors Mike Korompilas

The ASSUMPTION Greek Community in Chicago, the largest Greek - American community in the United States, took time out recently to honor one of its prominent citizens and benefactors, Mr. Mike Korompilas, who, as president of the Church for the last few years has donated a number of cars for fund-drives and has been active in promoting the affairs of the community. This dynamic community leader has spearheaded the recent building extention program which includes a two story parochial school now under construction and a community center to be started soon.

Seen in the photograph are (L. to R.) Mrs. Mike Korompilas, His Grace Bishop Gerasimos of Chicago; Archbishop Michael of America who is presenting gift to Mr. Korompilas on behalf of the community; Mr. Mike Korompilas; Mr. Nicholas Palmer, an active trustee of the Community and below Mr. Paul Javaras, publisher of the Greek Press.

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GEORGE (LAMBROS) GUETARY AND LESLIE CARON FROM "AN AMERICAN IN PARIS"

George Lambros Guetary Wins Praise in "An American In Paris"

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "An American In Paris" is noted for its enchanting tempo reminiscent of Paris itself, and for many other things that make it an exciting film.

Of interest to "Athene" readers is the fact that one of the principals, namely George Lambros Guetary is a Greek actor imported from Paris, and a good one too if one is to judge by his performance.

He is rightly billed as France's top romantic singing star and last year he was the Critics Award winner of Broadway in ""Arms and the Girl."

We urge our readers to see "An American In Paris" and judge for themselves regarding the new star. Furthermore the story is set to the favorite music of George Gershwin.

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CHICAGO CTA ACQUIRES VALUABLE SITE

Peter G. Maniates & Co., of 11 S. La Salle Street, Chicago, were the brokers in a real estate transaction, the development which will cost more than $550,000. The Chicago Transit Authority has purchased the northeast corner of Fullerton Avenue between Nordica and Sayre Avenues, the entire block having 418 ft. frontage and 163 ft. deep.

The CTA will build a terminal on the site and the balance of the property will be developed for commercial stores according to Mr. Maniates who is a recognized expert in Chicago real estate. The entire project will be known as TERMINAL SQUARE SHOPPING CENTER, and an important section has been leased by Andrew G. Kanelos who as we have written repeatedly in "Athene", is an outstanding Greek-Ameican leader, president of the nationally famous Andes Candies and holds in addition more than five million dollars' worth of real estate in Chicago.

Peter G. Maniates & Co. are also the agents of the above project.

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THE GORGON'S TEMPLE IN CORFU

(Continued from Page 9)

he is rushing forward, the severed head of the Gorgon in his hand and held behind him so that the sight of it can not turn him to stone. He is threatening Draco, the Libyan Monster, who resembles a Crocodile, and near him Andromeda stands, chained. Queen Cassiopia sits near her, enthroned, and King Cepheus, Adromeda's father, stands, turning his face away in grief and fear. Pegasus flies near them, the Winged Horse, who has just carried Perseus across the Sea, and Zeus, in his symbolical form of the Bull, is charging forward to protect this, his beloved son.

For fifteen centuries after Perseus killed the Gorgon, that "isolated fragment" of tile from the Gorgon's buried temple in Corfu was held in reverence in Demeter's sacred chamber in Eleusis by **the few** who had been initiated into the Mysteries and who had been told the history of where, why, and how Perseus had "killed" the Gorgon and sent her shade down to Hades. For more than fifteen centuries that fragment of tile from the Gorgon's temple was taken reverently from its receptacle and was kissed devoutly by the initiated, as a devout Catholic would touch and kiss a sacred relic, such, for instance, as the Iron Crown of Lombardy, believing that the thin circlet of iron which is set in its gold and gems is made of the very nails that pierced the hands and the feet of the Savior on the Cross and that the sainted Helen, the mother of Constantine, the first Christian Emperor, had brought them from Jerusalem to her son. As the Christians would honor the new dispensation which the Savior brought in, so those initiated in Eleusis would honor the new dispensation that Perseus had brought into Greece, when he "killed" the false, foul, cruel gods of the Asiatic dispensation.

But the fifteen centuries passed, and again times changed, and the dispensation of Zeus and Athena and Perseus passed away, giving way to the new. The stars of the constellations of Perseus still shone in the sky, but the Star of Christ rose, and, as Perseus and Theseus in their day had dishonored the shrine of the Asiatic gods, so Christian iconoclasts dishonored the shrine of the pagan Greek heroe and gods and broke their images. In Eleusis, they forced their way into Demeter's Sacred Chamber and trampled under foot the relics and monuments that had been treasured there.

For another fifteen centuries the fragment of tile from the Gorgon's temple lay there, dishonored and forgotten, until archaeologists brought it to light. But why it had been thought of value, where it had come from, and what it had signified religiously and historically they could not understand. They classed it, correctly, as another of the "isolated fragments" related to those that had been parts of the same building and which must have served as historical monuments where they were found, but they had no inkling of what event and what person they had commemorated, or why . . . nor could they have done so until the Gorgon's buried temple in Corfu was found.

With none to do it reverence and love it, and with none even to hatet it, that tile was still out

(Continued on Page 47)

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VAKA'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

(Continued from Page 27)

other way. The girls being of different denominations, I heard all the celebrated preachers of the day: Dr. Van Dyke and his successor, Dr. Babcock, Dr. Rainsford, Dr. John Brown, Father Richie, and others. Each had his own peculiarities of speech, and by strict attention I began to understand most of what they said. The sermons I would repeat to Miss Day, who corrected my pronunciation, and the mistakes I made in phrasing.

Thanks to this careful training, when my husband and I used to spend our summers in England, years later, they would never believe that I had learned my English in New York. Indeed one Scottish lady maintained that I **was** English.

Though I was quite happy at school, I continued to be unreconciled to America. New York's narrow, smelly streets and inartistic environment—she had not yet become the wonder city of the world—harassed me; and I missed the debates and the exchange of ideas I had had in Paris. Secretly I felt that I could never become an American, but would leave the country as soon as I finished my studies.

A seemingly minor incident changed this. One day, on returning from a lesson, I found Fifth Avenue filled with an election parade. In high hats and black coats, men were walking eight abreast, silently and impressively, wearing yellow flowers in their button-holes, in protest again Bryan's "free silver."

They were the finest body of men I had ever seen, and the little foreigner watching from the sidewalk was thrilled. New York might be dirty, it might lack splendid boulevards and public buildings, but so long as it had men willing to stand up for what they considered right, America would never perish. And no one was more pleased with the election of McKinley than I, since he was the choice of these men who had turned me into an American.

My school work was delightful. The teachers were college women, and nice to me, whom they considered an oddity, having never known a Greek girl before. I had one pupil to prepare for entrance examinations in Greek. The most difficult part for me was to unlearn my pronunciation of Greek and use that which Erasmus evolved out of his inner consciousness in the fifteenth century, and which the whole world adopted—except the Greeks. But they did not count, against the weight of classical learning in the rest of Europe.

My French pupils were small tots. Aline had told me that American children were ill-bred and undisciplined. Yet nothing could have been sweeter or easier to manage than those children. I loved them, and they loved me. During the morning recess, at 11 o'clock, when the children were given a glass of milk and a cracker, I used to go up to the library and stretch myself on the sofa to rest. Soon my little pupils discovered me, and came up and crawled over me, kissing me with milk-wet lips and covering me with crumbs. It was sweet to play with them, even though I didn't get my rest.

(Continued on Page 54)

GREEK HISTORICAL MEMOIRS OF THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE AND AFTER

(Continued from Page 22)

ration, was Prince Alexander Mavrocordato, Byron's great friend, who is so often depicted in the Bavarian Court painter Peter Hess's historical pictures of the Greek War of Independence clad in frock-coat and black neck-tie, a sombre figure amid the colourful palikars at Missolonghi.

Nicholas Dragoumis was a great admirer of Capodistrias whose qualities as a statesman, an administrator and a man he was able to appreciate thanks to his day-to-day contact with his chief. He later rose to high office, and became Foreign Minister in 1862.

I have tried to give you a general idea, within the limits of time permitted me, of the various literary styles and personalities of some of the men who recorded their impressions of that heroic period which has left a deep mark of subsequent generations. To those students who may be tempted to familiarize themselves with some of these texts I recommend that they do so in the folowing order: Makriyannis, Theodore Colocotronis, Fotakos, Cassomoulis, Nicholas Dragoumis. These authors are representatives of the three types which have gone to make up modern Greek society; the uncultured yet imaginative men of the mountains the semi-educated product of the country districts and, finally, the educated westernized urban type of Greek from whom the governing classes in Greece have been drawn since the Revolution of 1843.

Whatever our preferences, each one of these has made a contribution to Greek history which cannot be ignored.

SPECIMEN PASSAGES FROM THE MEMOIRS OF MAKRIYANNIS AND VARNAKIOTIS SHOWING PHONETIC SPELLING

Makriyannis (i)

κε τιν βασιλιατο κε τος οδιγισα εις τις πορτες κι αλες θεσες οπουτε μας ριχτονε να πεθανομεν) εισος μοτος εστιλες εσι λεονιδα οτι μιναν οταν σκοτοθις οτι ειγε (νει) αυτι καθαρι απογονι σου κε σι κε εισιτροφι σου επερ τισ πατριδοσου σκοτοθικειτε κε τις θρισκιασας τε

Varnakiotis

Επιλη μερικη κακοθελιτε κε φθονερι θελουν να κατηγορισουν την ζοην κε τας πραξις του στρατηγιου βαρνακιωτη, ταχα οτι επροσκινισε ης τουσ τουρκους κε επροξενισε βλαβι εις το Ελινικον εθνος, φανερωνομεν ης την ηστοριαν το οσον επραξε δια να γνορισουν η τιμηι ανθρωποι ποσον οφελεσε το εθνος του κτλ.

(i) Vlachoyannis states, in his introduction to the Memoirs, that it took him seventeen months to transcribe the original, which is not at all surprising.

THE GORGON'S TEMPLE IN CORFU

(Continued from Page 45)

of men's minds as compleely in the Archaelogical Museum as were the two severed heads of the Gorgon, which still lay buried in Corfu and in the Acropolis of Athens.

Such are the glories of earth! And when very great heroes and benefactors of the human race, such as Perseus had been, have been transcended and pass into eclipse, a moralist must feel the tragedy in the circumstance, a tragedy no less for those who forget than for those who are forgotten.

But times change, and it is quite possible that a day will come when the fragments of the Gorgon's temple which Perseus destroyed and buried in Corfu will come into their own as high historical monuments to be honored by the Greeks, as relics of that far past which is still alive in the thoughts that we think today and the ideals and institutions that we cherish. All of the West should appreciate their significance duly, for we have inherited all that this greatest of the Greeks, Perseus, and the great Pharaoh whom he served, achieved when they conquered the Asiatics in the Mediterranean area and planted their own high culture there.

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GEORGE PARALIS

(Continued from Page 13)

struggle to yield fruit. If the harmony of a subjective sensibility and the unity of a sensuous object were not as carefully wrought as they are in his work it would break down into the chaotic irrelevancies of so many moderns. Instead, he holds the image with vigor, develops it with a master's touch, letting his harmonious feelings play over the canvas. But even here he holds to the clearcut and effective demarkations between the reality of the image and a cognitive experience of social import, and the trivial or imaginative super-sensations of the fantastic.

The chapels of Mycenae are faithfully rendered in undertones of light that one seldom finds in any work. The highlighting of the sun's intensities make one think of the East as being too hot, too bright, too egocentric: each building being the most spectacular and unnatural that man can create. With Paralis, we catch the fitness of the building for its background, and the "temper" of the atmosphere. His Mycenae churches startle most persons because they are seen in one mood. There are many moods, only one of which Paralis has caught, and it is in **his** definitions of light that we are awakened to the reality of the various moods in the play of Aegean light.

We find, in his portraits, that comprehension which is reaching out to express the original abstractions with daring, rhythm, and design that is wholly subjective. It is very marked in the portrait of the young woman. In verging on serrualism he ventures to indicate that he has vast resources in store for us. Such fluidity gives us the hope that he will activate his sensations to every advantage.

If an analysis of any modern artist could approximate the truth, we should feel that new metaphysical unities were being established. With Paralis a neo-realism seems to be emerging: sensuous with the warmth of Aegean life, dramatic though not distorted in its backgrounds, evocative in its "spirituality", feeling after color and form for the distinguishing characteristics of factual and functional know-edge. As Professor George Bakalakis of Anatolia College, Thessaloniki, has said:

"Paralis gives up, with plain form and honest color, his original sensations in all conscientiousness."

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GREEK-AMERICAN COLONIES, CHURCHES AND SCHOOLS IN THE UNITED STATES

(Continued from Page 35)

Greek colonies in the United States. There are about an equal number of churches and an equal number of afternoon schools.

As we have seen in the development of the first few Greek colonies, parochial schools, full-time or afternoon, were established along with the churches. Most of the Greek priests are trained teachers who teach in or supervise these schools. The greatest majority of the afternoon schools are housed in the church edifices.

There are three kinds of schools operated by the Greek colonies, viz.: day schools, afternoon schools, and catechetic or Sunday schools. The period between 1910 and 1920 or 1925 may be regarded as the time during which most of those schools began to appear. Up to 1912 there were only half a dozen schools in all the Greek colonies. This is manifestly due to the fact that children of the Greek immigrants were not in sufficient numbers to warrant the maintenance of Greek schools. About forty of them were established up to 1918. After 1920 and until 1925 they multiplied as the new generation became larger in numbers.

The day schools are operated as parochial grade schools with both American and Greek teachers. The afternoon schools are operated in the afternoon and after recess of the American schools. Educators have suggested their abolition on the ground that they are unscientifically operated, and too much of the children's time essential for play and recreation is being taken up. (5) This objection has been somewhat removed by holding classes three or four times a week only, and by improving the standards of teaching and hygiene.

The third class of schools, the catechetic, are intended to imbue the children of Greek parents with the principles of the Greek Orthodox faith. They usually function every Sunday. Teachers of these schools are the priests themselves, Greek teachers, and College Graduates of Greek descent with some specialized training.

Although there is evidence that the Greek schools in this country have in recent years shown great progress, especially the afternoon and the catechetic schools, yet the school outlook generally presents but a few elements of permanency or stability. These institutions are being maintained with great financial difficulties due to insufficient financial backing. In this connection, we might say without fear of contradiction that, with exceptionally few instances, the wealthy Greeks of this country have neglected a financial support of these institutions by donations or bequests, unlike persons of other faiths. And, unless we realize that such assistance is urgently necessary, we must resign ourselves to a stagnation or ultimate extinction of these institutions.

FOOTNOTES

1. PETER S. LAMBROS, **Tre March of Progress of tre Greeks of Chicago** (a pamphlet).
2. S. G. CANOUTAS, **Hellenism in America**, pp. 185
3. JANE ADDAMS, **Twenty Years at Hull-House**, pp. 338-39, 442-4.
4. S. G. CANOUTAS, **Hellenism in America**, pp. 191-2.
5. ASTERIOS ASTERIOU, **Atlantis**, Sept. 13, 1936.

THE END

FLORIDA AND THE GREEK TOUCH

(Continued from Page 36)

and so was the chef at the grill indoors. As this is a Jim Crow town, we drove away. It wasn't until weeks later that we saw the small-lettered portion of the sign: "Miami's Finest All-Colored Drive-in". Sure wish we could ask the proprietor where he got the idea for the name of his place.

Greek names are as well liked here as in the rest of the United States. We are eating a lot of Florida oranges, and a slip of paper in each mesh bag informs us that they are packed in Arcadia, Florida. There was a recent discovery of jumbo shrimps off the Florida keys, and new processing plants are being constructed on one of these islands. The name of the booming town is Marathon.

And the current plight of faraway Greece is remembered here, too. The Pan-Hellenic Council, comprising all sororities on the University of Miami campus, has adopted two orphans in Europe and contributes to their support. One is a French girl, Paulette Vallaud, and the other a girl in Greece, Fotini Dimakarakou.

Our little white house is near the Riverside Laundry, 464 W. Flagler Street, which seems to be one of the largest laundries in all America. Its motto is "Our phone line is your clothes line", and when I first saw its huge blue and white structure, I said to Louise:

"If that were a Greek laundry, we could get a fine story on it."

Later we learned that it is Greek-owned, and we have been taking our clothes there. We dropped off a copy of "ATHENE" on one of our stops and a few days afterwards went upstairs to see Peter Vamvaks, one of the owners. He dragged out a chair beside us, chatter a moment, and gave us a double subscription.

The Riverside Laundry was established in 1921 and has stores in Miami, Miami Beach, Coral Gables, and Fort Lauderdale.

That same morning we visited John Colozoff of the Florida Fuel Oil Co. He told us that he is Mr. Vamvaks' brother-in-law and also a partner in the ownership of the Floridian Hotel. He and the members of his family were just recovering from a virus attack, and he teased about how old he felt.

"But you two look much healthier than you did when you first came here," he remarked to Louise.

Mr. Colozoff has two sons, one of them a student at the University of Miami. He also took a double subscription to "ATHENE".

We met a lovely girl who is a graduate of the University of Miami and a speech teacher. In the course of our picnics and Canasta sessions together, Virginia mentioned the James Poulos family and told us of the great American story behind them. Mr. Poulos sold peanuts when they first came to Miami 26 years ago, but now he owns the beautiful Paramount Soda Shop in the busiest section of Miami

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and the park concessions. The Miami radio calls the Paramount one of the finest eating-places in this locality. It has 46 employees, plus three Poulos boys and their brother-in-law.

Louise and I visited Mrs. Poulos in her lovely home at 1575 S. W. 12tr Avenue. She chatted a couple of hours with us and insisted on serving us ice cream.

"But she doesn't know us," Louise protested to me in a whisper.

"Oh, thats an old Greek custom,' I explained. "She will be offended if we decline."

We returned a few weeks later, and Mrs. Poulos played Greek records for Louise. She wanted to go to a family party, and she urged us to come in and visit with her son Nicky around the television set while she was away.

Mrs. Poulos is a sweet lady whose soft, sad Romaic filled one of my homesick needs.

She referred us to a neighbor of hers, and we drove to the heart of Miami to see her son, Gregory M. Pahules, 19 W. Flager Street, an attorney who has a lot of Greek clients. He is a young man who, judging from several telephone calls during our visit, is the friend as well as helper of his clients. The Greeks are reputed from ancient times to be a law-suiting people, but the Greek community of Southeast Florida is lucky to have a fine and clear-headed lawyer handling its legal affairs.

There are only two other Greek professional men in this part of Florida, and Mr. Pahules gave us their names. George Malanos is a professor of economics at the University of Miami. He speaks English perfectly, of course, but with a slight accent, for he came to this country at the age of twenty. (He appears to be still in his thirties). We had a fascinating talk with him—about "ATHENE", which he was familiar with through Kimon Friar, his friend and our poet and translator, his trip to Greece two years ago, his new home and the book he is writing.

"That's the jolliest professor I have ever met," I commented to Louise as we drove off.

"And his wife is the most beautiful Greek girl I have ever seen,' she countered.

Whenever I feel tired or over-heated in this sub-tropical climate, I spread a blanket under my favorite palm tree. I drowse, study the swaying cocoanuts overhead, or follow the smoke-curls from the pipe of some contented god in the sky. Well, I must have touched the wrong kind of leaves or something, for a stubborn rash developed on a finger of my left hand.

It took four visits to Dr. John A. Speropoulos, 30 S. E. 8th Street, to clear up what he diagnosed as "Florida ringworm". A native of Greece, Dr Speropoulos began to practice in Miami in 1948. He has a fine reputation not only in the Greek community, but also with the Dade Councy Medical Association.

"I never knew a doctor could be that shy and untalkative," Louise said about him.

"That's refreshing to me after all those boastful Canasta players we know,' I replied.

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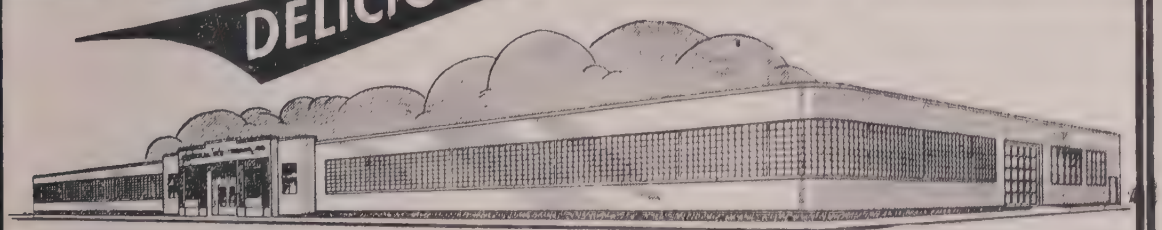

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Both the Phalanx of Greek Veterans in America and Mr. Flabouras have been honored in the past, here and abroad for the many services they rendered to veterans. For forteen years now Commander Flabouras has been working hard to build up the organizaiton to the extent that by and large Greek Veterans in America have come to believe in it. Commander Flabouras is well known among the leaders of similar inter-Allied organizations and he has co-operated with them on many patriotic projects. And he has been the recipient of extensive honors and diplomas from this country and Europe.

VAKA'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

(Continued from Page 46)

Wednesdays were Mrs. Stedman's days at home, and I began pouring tea for her. Listening to the conversation of her artistic and literary friends about books, plays and painting gave me an idea of the intellectual life of the city; and though it lacked the intensity and depth of Parisian talk, it was educational. Dr. Stedman also continued his hours of Greek conversation, and what money I could have, he invested for me.

Most of my private pupils were older than myself. Some were married, and friendship grew up between us. They often invited me out to dinner or lunch, and later had me visit them in the country, during my short holidays.

Thus my own affairs were progressing favorably; yet February 1897 wrecked my contentment. Disturbances broke out in Crete (then under Turkey) followed by the burning of the Christian quarters, and by massacres of the Christians by the Mussulmans. What would the repercussion of all this be for Greece? Though America was now my country, my roots were Greek, and little Hellas had never remained indifferent to the sufferings of the Greek subjects of Turkey. What would—what could—she do now? Would she declare war on Turkey, unready as she was?

During the two years of my study in Paris I had read a great deal about Greece, from French sources, and I knew the unpreparedness of the country. I had also met men from Greece proper, and they had no praise for the way King George the First was governing the country. That taunt of Aunt Philomene that George, when chosen king, had entered into a secret agreement with England never to fight Turkey, was mentioned again in Paris. These Greeks maintained that the king had avoided building up the army precisely in order to be unable to help the Greeks of Turkey, in case of trouble, and that the country was drifting along like a ship, afloat on a river, approaching rapids.

The events of February 1897 carried me back to my childhood, when, sitting in my father's room, I used to listen to the talk among his friends, of the time to come when free Greece would fight to redeem our lands still under the Turks. Therefore when Colonel Vassos led a detachment of volunteers to occupy Crete, in the name of the King of Greece; and the latter's second son, Prince George, headed a flotilla of torpedo boats to prevent reinforcements from reaching the Turks, I was foolish enough to believe that this time the great powers would not thwart the aspirations of Hellas, as they had done so often before, and that at length the largest of the Greek islands would be freed from subjection to Turkey—especially since five admirals of the European powers, who happened to be near Crete, came to occupy the port of Canea.

The Cretans at Akrotiri attacked the Turkish troops, routed them, and hoisted the Greek flag, to proclaim the union of their island with Hellas. They were led by Eleutherios Venizelos, who some years later was to be proclaimed by the European press the greatest of modern Greeks.

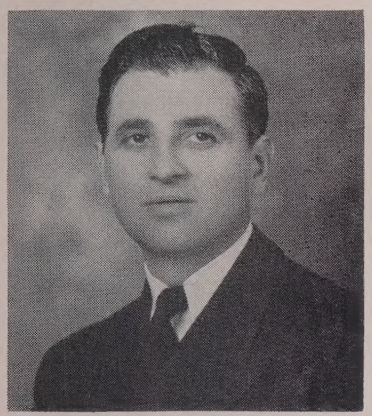
The battleships of the Christian nations, instead of supporting the Cretans, opened fire upon their flag. But every time it was shot down, a Cretan would run out and hoist the beloved blue and white flag again—and again the battleships would direct their fire against it.

After the seventh time, the shelling stopped. Admiral Canavaro told Mr. Venizelos later, that every time the flag was shot down, he wept. As an Italian, he remembered that not long before, he had been fighting for Italy's freedom—Italy, which had not yet joined the ranks of the rapacious.

Meanwhile the powers sent a note to the government at Athens demanding the withdrawal of the Greek troops, as well as of the flotilla of torpedo boats from Crete, promising to obtain from the sultan the autonomy of the island. But the Greeks so often before had received these lying promises that they refused, and the people all clamored to fight Turkey. So great was the enthusiasm that the king had to make a pretense of sharing it. How could he tell his subjects that in the thirty-four years of his reign he not only had done nothing to prepare for this hour, but in every way had hindered all preparation. Therefore he came out with a speech declaring that he was ready to put himself at the head of the army a hundred thousand strong. He knew Greece had no such army, but hoped that the powers would step in and prevent hostilities, thus enabling him to honor his secret agreement with Great Britain, and yet to hang on to his throne, with al its emoluments.

(To be continued)

Aliquippa Greek-Americans Own Laundry



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LAST POEM

Oh, Asleep,
fondly
trying teror to the ut
most, I dare touch your
far-away
lips

like dipping into a still
flower of

red, or

blindly, like a wind reaching
filling all like water between
rocks

here with a wild wish, kiss
(one-half a kiss) and you
places in you awakening.

—CONSTANCE ELINORE HATSON

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